



THE

Tatler

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SCOTTISH NUMBER





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The sherry and the ice bucket

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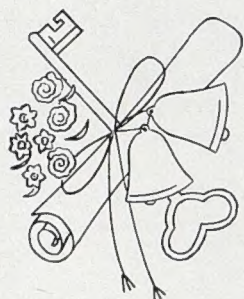
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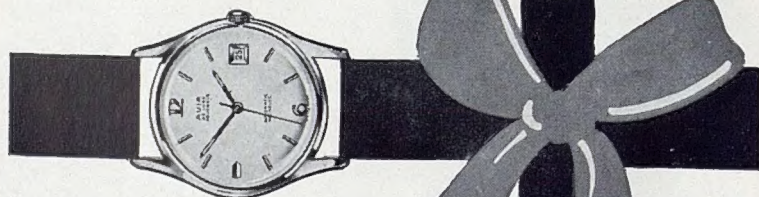


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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3129

Scottish Number

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CASTLES AND CROFTERS

THERE'S probably more variety to housing in Scotland than anywhere else in Britain with a range from the granite of urban Edinburgh and the northern cities to the keeps of the Highland and Border nobility and the crofts and shielings of the Isles. But whether it's a cottage or a castle the first question a visitor is liable to ask is: "Who lives there?" Brodrick Haldane, long-time a Tatler contributor and himself the brother of a Scottish laird, provides some of the answers in *Who's Who in the Highlands* (page 315) and Alex Low sends a picture report from the Hebrides on a family whose way of life has hardly changed since Bruce was king . . . see *The Last Crofters of Islay* (page 319). Back to castles for the colour spread in the centre pages. The pictures were specially taken at Stirling when the Queen presented new colours to the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. This year's Edinburgh Festival is the 15th and it has a new director—the Earl of Harewood. Richard Findlater examines future prospects balanced against past form in *Count-down at Edinburgh* (page 313). Lord Kilbracken (he's an Irishman) has a special and rather sinister reason to remember Scotland. You'll find out why in *The gipsy's warning* (page 332). Fashion has a Scottish flavour too . . . see *Travelling North* (page 324) and so has Counter Spy. She goes shopping in London and Edinburgh on page 333. And there's more about Scotland and things Scottish on the Going Places pages together with a social diary for Festival visitors and for sportsmen. Muriel Bowen stayed South for Cowes Week. Her column begins on page 308 and there's a multi-page selection of social events in pictures on page 305 onwards . . .

The cover:



Nothing looks easier, few things are more difficult to perform, especially when watched by the aficionados who gather at Braemar, Ballater, Glenfinnan or Aboyne. The sword dancer in the Menzies tartan is Connie Urquhart, the place the Comrie Highland Gathering. For the people who watch: see page 315; for the clothes to wear while watching: see page 324

GOING PLACES

In Scotland

Edinburgh International Festival, 20 August to 9 September. Tickets: London Central Booking Office (Dean & Dawson), 81 Piccadilly (GRO 3333). Accommodation: Apply Edinburgh Festival Society Ltd., 11 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh (Fountainbridge 1432). First week's programmes, to 26 August.

Usher Hall: London Symphony Concert, cond. Stokowski, & Edinburgh Royal Choral Union, 20; London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Colin Davis, & Michelangeli (piano), 21; L.S.O. cond. Stokowski, 22; L.S.O. cond. Davis, & Anne Fisher (piano), 23; Scottish National Orchestra, cond. Alexander Gibson, with Michelangeli, 24; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. von Karajan, 25 & 26. All 8 p.m.

Freemasons Hall: Drole String Quartet, 23; Concertgebouw Wind Quintet & Maria Curcio (piano), 22 & 24; Drole Quartet, & Heather Harper (soprano) (11 a.m.), Meta Forrest & Ian Gilmour in Scottish verse with music (3 p.m.) 23; Drole Quartet, 25; Trio Di Trieste, 26.

Empire Theatre: *Frank V* (Dürrenmatt), 7.30 p.m. Mat. 2.30 p.m. Sat. **King's Theatre**: Covent Garden Opera: *Iphigénie en Tauride*, 21, 23, 26; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 22, 24; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, 25. All 7.30 p.m.

Lyceum Theatre: Bristol Old Vic in Lawrence Durrell's *Sappho*, 7 p.m., and in *Battle, Bed & Bottle*, 10.45 p.m. Mat. *Sappho*, Wed. & Sat. **Assembly Hall**: The Old Vic in *Dr. Faustus* (Marlowe), 7.15 p.m. Mats. Tue, Sat.

Gateway Theatre: Edinburgh Gateway Company in *Let Wives Tak' Tent* (Robert Kemp), 7.30 p.m. Mats. 2.30 p.m., Thurs. & Sat.

Edinburgh Castle: Military Tattoo, 9 p.m. Mon., Tue.; 8 p.m. & 10.30 p.m., Wed. & Fri. No performance Thursday.

Epstein Exhibition, Waverley Market, Royal Scottish Academy. Works from the Bühle Collection, 19 August to 2 September.

"Lady Audley's Secret," by Edinburgh University Players, University Theatre, Adam House, 8 p.m., 19 August to 9 September. **Son et Lumière**, Stirling Castle, to 22 September. (Seats 10s., 7s., 5s. Apply Town Clerk's Office, Stirling.) **Scottish Area Pony Club Trials**, Hallyburton, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, 24 August.

Edinburgh Horse Show, 25, 26 August.

Horse Trials: Scone Palace, Perthshire, 2 September.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, 7 September.

Scottish Water Ski-ing Championships, Loch Earn, 10 September.

Racing: Western Meeting, Ayr, 13-15 September.

Golf: The Captain of the Royal & Ancient plays himself in, St. Andrew's 8 a.m., 20 September.

Perth Hunt Balls, 26 & 28 September.

Perth Hunt Autumn Meeting, Scone, 27-28 September.

In England

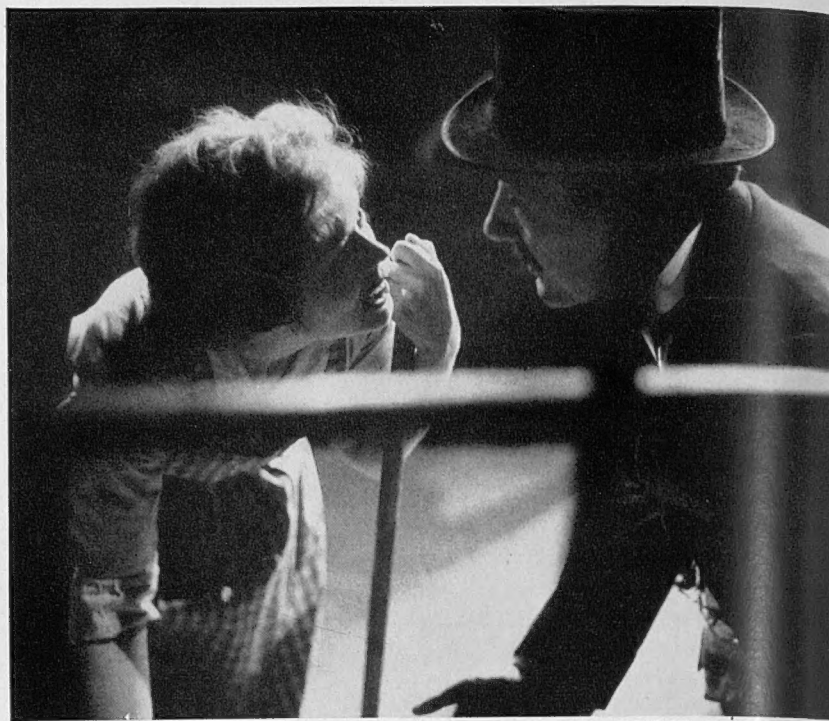
RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Catterick Bridge, Salisbury, 16, 17; Newbury, 18, 19; Carlisle, Ripon, 19; Worcester, 19, 21; Folkestone, 21; York, 22-24; Brighton, 23, 24; Lingfield Park, 25, 26; Newcastle, Pontefract, 26 August.

Steeplechasing: Newton Abbot, 18, 19; Fontwell Park, 22; Devon & Exeter meeting, 23, 24 August.

CRICKET

Fifth Test Match, England v. Australia, The Oval, 17-22 August. **County Cricket Festivals**: Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset, to 18 August; Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, to 22 August; Southend-on-Sea, Essex, 19-25 August.



ROMANO CAGNONI

Councillor Reiligan (Dave Blake Kelly) is soon to be made a Papal Count in honour of the Bishop's return to his native village. His daughter, Keelin (Annette Crosbie), makes a protest against the sanctimonious climate of Ballyoonagh, the setting for Sean O'Casey's play *The Bishop's Bonfire* at the Mermaid Theatre

ART

The Artist In His Studio, photographs by Alexander Liberman. Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover St., to 26 August. (See Galleries, page 339.)

Joseph Crawhall Centenary Exhibition of paintings & drawings, the Reid Gallery, Cork St., W.1. To 2 September.

EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 1 October.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen Exhibition, Painswick, Glos. To 26 August.

"Model Engineer" Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster. Today to 26 August.

FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *Lady Chatterley*, tonight.

St. Martin's Theatre. *Guilty Party*, 17 August.

Saville Theatre. *The Lord Chamberlain Regrets*, 23 August.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 335.

My Fair Lady. "... the best musical comedy I have seen ... song and dance melt into the dialogue with a sort of magic fluidity ... an experience to remember." Charles Stapley, Anne Rogers, James Hayter, Hugh Paddick, Zena Dure. (Drury Lane Theatre, TEM 8108)

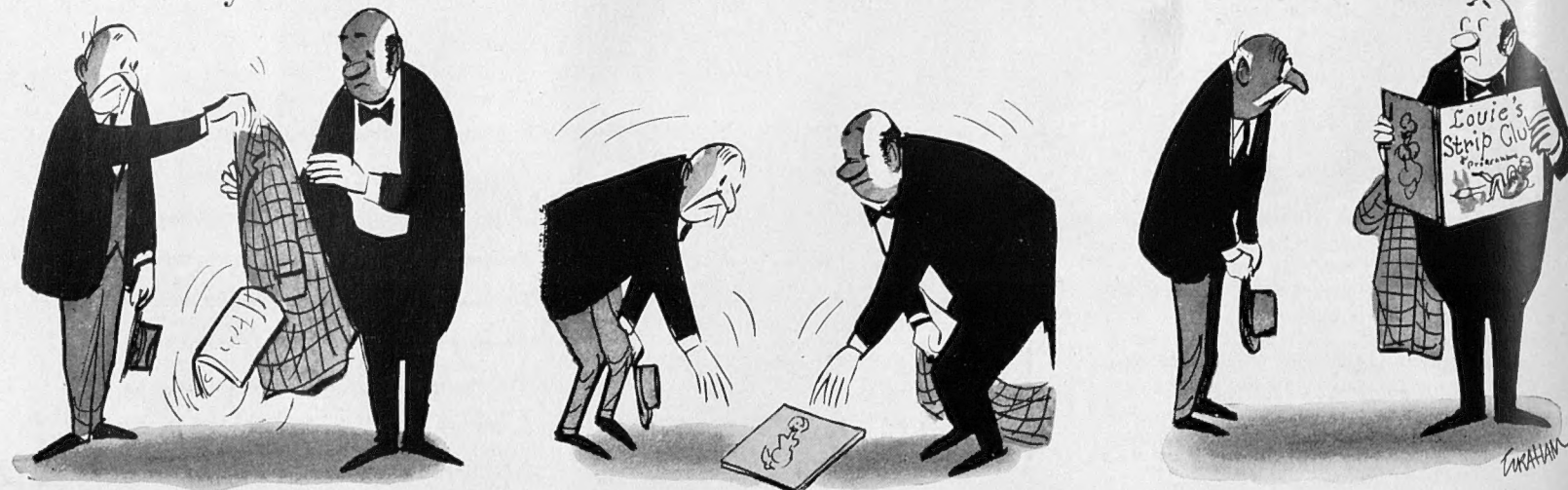
CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 336.

G.R. = General Release

101 Dalmations. "... Mr. Walt Disney has made a triumphant comeback. This film is a pure joy. Dog-lovers will dote on it and I do believe cat-lovers will too." G.R.

BRIGGS by Graham



GOING PLACES LATE

Wind of change in the glens

Douglas Sutherland

DESPITE THE GENERALLY HELD BELIEF THAT THE SCOTSMAN LIKES HIS dram as well as the next man—and maybe a wee piece better—there is a distinct frown on the face of authority when it comes to the purveying of spiritous liquors. Possibly nowhere in Europe, except in Wales, are the average wayside inns less inviting, and the strange perversity whereby some of them open from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and close down on you in the evening at 9.30 p.m. adds nothing to their charm. The general attitude seems to be that drinking is a serious business and the fewer distractions the better. A Sunday drink at the local down the road is, of course, a deadly sin punishable by law, but hop into your car and drive three miles and you can drink on somebody else's doorstep from breakfast time to midnight, and the blessing of the Procurator Fiscal be upon you.

I am glad to report, however, that there is evidence of a wind of change blowing through the glens. More and more pubs are taking the trouble to attract visitors, and I have even come across one or two late night spots in the country where you can drink with food up to 11 p.m. with an additional half-hour drink-up time (a big break with tradition in Scotland where high tea at 6 p.m. is usually the last meal of the day and some hoteliers are affronted if asked to provide food after 7 p.m.). A good example of this new look is the **Kinloch House Hotel** near Cairngowrie in Perthshire, where they even have a dinner-dance on Saturday night that is as well supported by locals as by visitors. Subject to the strictures above though, it is fair to say that, particularly in the cities like Edinburgh and Glasgow, there are good restaurants a-plenty. For some reason Glasgow shuts its doors on the public half-an-hour earlier than Edinburgh, but in the top-class restaurants drinking with food can go on until 10.30 p.m. in Glasgow and 11 p.m. in Edinburgh.

GOING PLACES TO EAT

Specialities for Southrons

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

WE WILL DISPUTE THE CLAIM THAT SCOTCH BEEF IS ABOUT THE BEST IN the world. Quite a bit of it now comes to London. Among the restaurants I know that specialize in Scotch meat are the **Trocadero Grill** in Shaftesbury Avenue, the **Shorthorn** in Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue, and the **Rib Room** at Carlton Tower. The **Connaught** also has Scotch meat, as does **Massey's Chop House** in Beauchamp Place. Their supplier is that great character, Mr. Robert Grant, of John Grant & Son, of Dornoch, a man who has forgotten more about fine meat than some butchers will ever know.

Two others are:

Black Angus Restaurant, 17 Great Newport Street (side of Leicester Square Station). (TER 5111.) Here, of course, they serve prime Scotch beef, and they know how to cook it. Their double lamb chops are also good; full marks, too, for the salads. The room, with panelled walls and soft lighting, is restful and the seats unusually comfortable. The restaurant is fully licensed. The cost? You can do yourself well for a guinea without wine. It would be a good place to take friends from America.

The Angus Steak House, 63c Buckingham Gate. C.S. (ABB 6510.) Open midday to midnight. Fully licensed. This is the latest of the Angus chain. Rather larger than the others—it seats about 90 odd—it conforms to their sensible pattern, giving well-cooked meat from the grill and

Top restaurant in Glasgow is the **Malmaison** at the Central Hotel and, surprise! surprise! a new venture called **The Gay Gordon** (mentioned by my colleague Mr. John Baker White), which not only serves good food but stays open until midnight.

With the advent of the Edinburgh Festival (20 August to 9 September) it will be wise to book at top rating hotel restaurants like the **North British**, the **George**, and the **Postillion** at the Caledonian. My personal tip is the quieter, more intimate atmosphere of Donald Ross's **L'Apéritif** in Frederick Street, whose speciality is sea-foods and excellent steaks. Additional attraction is the **Festival Club** in the Assembly Rooms in George Street, which is only open during the Festival. It is strictly a club, but you can join quite easily by paying 15s. per week or 30s. for the whole period. The club stays "open with drinks until 2 a.m." which is quite something for north of the Border, and excellent meals can be had there. The décor is pleasant and the lobster bar is well up to London standards.

Local information: Latest rage in Edinburgh takes a leaf out of the Irish book. Drambuie coffee is made the same way as Irish coffee and, to my possibly prejudiced Scottish palate, tastes much better. Recipe is to put a fair shot of Drambuie into a coffee cup, pour strong black coffee carefully on top, and top up with thick cream and Demerara sugar *à volontiers*. The ingredients should not mix. Then you can start practising that piece about "a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht."

Cabaret calendar

Pigalle (REG 6423) *The Bernard Brothers top an all-star spectacular with a Spanish ballet and the biggest collection of showgirls and dancers in London cabaret*
Winston's (REG 5411) *a few new twists for their Old Time Music Hall staged nightly*
Savoy (TEM 4343) *Ballets de Silvia Ivars with their flashing Spanish dancing plus the Two Hellos—*

a balanced act of trick cycling on one wheel

Quaglino's (WHI 6767) *Noel Harrison strums nightly*
Society (REG 0565) *Isia Chin (Chinese) sings at midnight*
The Talk of the Town (REG 5051) *where American Frances Faye cabarets for the first time in this country. Also The Ten O'Clock Follies*

vegetables at most reasonable prices. Appropriately enough, it is only a haggis's throw from the London Scottish headquarters. With other comparatively new arrivals this restaurant is a reminder that the Victoria-Westminster area is beginning to vie with Chelsea as an eating-out ground. W.B. luncheon.

Big Five across the Border

Portsonachan Hotel. (Kilchrenan 224.) On the bank of Loch Awe in Argyllshire. Booking essential for a meal if you are not staying. Colonel James Young is the model owner of a country hotel—he even plays the bagpipes to his guests—and Mrs. Young is a *Cordon Bleu* cook. The house is comfortable and the scenery lovely.

Fortingall Hotel. (Keltney Burn 216.) In Perthshire at the entrance to Glen Lyon. Some experts opine that Mr. W. Heptinstall's establishment has the best cooking in Scotland. It is certainly outstanding, and the hors d'oeuvres are remarkable. Booking essential.

Stirling. Three-star hotels in Scotland, outside Glasgow and Edinburgh, are not famous for their luxury, but a lot of money has been spent to make the **Golden Lion** (Tel. 5351) one of the most comfortable hotels North of the Border. The food, too, is well above the normal Scottish three-star standard, and the staff most courteous.

Edinburgh. Those who knew Pople's New London Hotel in Exeter, the Lord Warden at Dover or the Cavendish in London in their heyday will be happy in the dignified comfort of the **Roxburghe Hotel**, Charlotte Square (Caledonian 3921). It belongs to the generation of "family" hotels of which there are now all too few.

Glasgow. One of the Peter Evans group, **The Gay Gordon**, 21 Royal Exchange Square (City 3040) is, in my opinion, Glasgow's most amusing restaurant. Good plain food and good value. Dancing. W.B.

PHOTOGRAPHS: A. F. KERSTING



IZMIR—Aegean seaport ringed by hills



ASPENDOS—the Roman amphitheatre near Antalya

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Sun in October

Doone Beal

IT IS FAR EASIER TO FIND YOUR SUN AND SEA LATE IN THE SEASON THAN in the early spring: "We cannot start our holiday until mid-October; but where, at this time of year, can we hope to swim and sunbathe?" is not the *cri de coeur* that it sounds.

The weather of Majorca and the French Riviera might still hold good enough for swimming, and Monte Carlo has the advantage of a big price drop plus enough diversions with which to back the weather both ways. But you must go a little farther to find a sun whose rays will keep you opulently tanned into the Christmas approaches.

Thirty minutes' drive from Athens, Vouliagmeni, a man-made resort full of private cabanas set in prettily landscaped gardens and a lovely beach, is a new contender. It lies on the narrow neck of a peninsular on which, it is said, Leda dropped her girdle before reaching Delos to give birth to Apollon and Artemis. Certainly she chose a pretty place to

endow with this symbol of fertility, and the important thing is that the architects have left it pretty: the hand of 'development' lies feather-light, and it joins the rare ranks of places that offer comfortable living in a primitive setting. Rates for double bedroom, shower and kitchenette are about £3 a day, without food, which can be sent to your cabana from a central kitchen. Or you can dine in the attractive pinewood and glass superstructure of the Oceanis restaurant. Vouliagmeni has the obvious advantage of being not only close to Athens but also along the glorious new coast road, to Cape Sunion. Less happy architecturally, but with first-class comforts, the Aegaeon Hotel has just been opened on the beach at Sunion.

For somewhat off-beat comfort but a wealth of explorability, the south-west coast of Turkey offers a lot. Izmir, now a NATO port, has a certain international atmosphere overlying the sleepy Aegean aspect of its cobbled streets, its robustly picturesque harbour and its pretty souks. Shiny American limousines, not otherwise a familiar sight in Turkey, eel their way among the mule carts and trams and crazy bicycles. The amusing way to see the harbour and the lower part of the town is by phaeton, but its most beautiful aspect is from the hills above the city. The view, if not the food, is spectacular from a curious little inn called Velvet Castle (Kadife Kale). By far the city's best restaurant, as such, is Sukran: a mirror-lined gourmet's haunt in Anarfartalar Street. And one can stay in great comfort at the new Kismet hotel.

Izmir is an admirable holiday base: places to visit, among many, are Bergama, on the coast just north of the city, and Ephesus, to the south. In Ephesus, whose huge white flagstones and glittering white pillars line a nearly complete main street, one has a much more graphic impression than usual of its original aspect as a city (including an interesting relic of the oldest profession: a face and a footmark carved in the flagstones, accompanied by an arrow).

There are some adequate beaches near Izmir, but some really glorious ones on the south coast, running east from the fishing port of Antalya. The loveliest spot of all is the ancient city of Side. Its amphitheatre and streets and what remains of its houses tumble in careless, unrestored magnificence to the water's edge. The whole coast is backed by distant, unclaustrophobic mountains and, inland, by an almost Himalayan landscape. There must be some 20 miles of indented sandy beaches, and perhaps one should be thankful that nobody has got at them as yet for its "Riviera" potential is tremendous. However, visitors must make do for the moment with the primitive comforts and willing service of the Yayla Palace Hotel (rather misleadingly named) in Antalya. A compensation is the good food in the restaurant attached to it.

Lovely though the country of south-east Turkey is for motoring, the distances are immense. But there are direct flights to both Ismir and Antalya from Istanbul. Apart from the main line train services, surface transport is less well organized: you must haggle, bargain and fix the price of the *dolmus* taxi, usually with the compromise that you buy the two back seats and the driver is at liberty to pick up another passenger for the front. It all makes for variety. Straightforward car-hire does not exist as yet.

Perhaps the most fashionable and plutocratic spot for autumn holidays is Beirut, though I must correct any impression that prices, once you get there, are any higher than those of comparable European resorts. £3 10s. a night for double room and bath (but no food) is the average price in both the St. George and Excelsior Hotels, about £3 at the Palm Beach and less at the new, second-class hotel in the same street, the Beyrute. They are all grouped at one corner of the promenade, just outside the city. Away from the waterfront, in the residential district, the Mayflower costs only £2 each for bed, private bath, breakfast and one meal; they have a beach cabin at St. Simon for their guests, and free transport to and from. But what matters most is that one can *roast* on the beach and swim in late October and early November. And it is then that the Beirut social season and its gay Casino life awakens from its summer siesta and kindles anew. I shall write more of Beirut and the Lebanon next week. In the meantime, some advantageous summer fares apply: up till October 31, you can get there for £114 return with Middle East Airlines, who fly daily Comet services.

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THE TATLER 16 AUGUST 1961

THE MAN WHO IS COWES



Think of sailing, think of Uffa Fox, probably the best-known name in the world of small yachts. He lives in the appropriate setting of a pink-painted boathouse near the Island Sailing Club with a commanding view of the harbour. Builder-designer of many famous yachts—including Coweslip, the Flying Fifteen presented to his friend Prince Philip by the people of Cowes—Uffa has lately developed a passion for speedboats. Muriel Bowen talks to him on page 308. Picture by Desmond O'Neill

The C-in-C Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Manley Power, gave a reception on the Royal Navy's new missile cruiser, H.M.S. Tiger, shortly due to sail for the Mediterranean. Prince Philip and Princess Alexandra were among more than 150 guests who came aboard for



The Admiral's party



Royal guests aboard. Above: Prince Michael of Kent. Right: Princess Alexandra; & far right, Prince Philip



The captain of H.M.S. Tiger, the Cowes Week guard-ship, Captain P. W. W. Graham (below) with Captain M. H. Eveleigh, R.N. (ret.)



Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, with Sir Manley & Lady Power



The cocktail party was held on the awning-covered after-deck



Marquess Camden, Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron



Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan and Mrs. M. H. Eveleigh



DESMOND O'NEILL

MURIEL BOWEN At Cowes

COWES WAS AT ITS LIVELIEST AND MOST informal for what was quite the best regatta since the war. Prince Philip arrived late at night and next day the Solent was dancing with a thousand flags. The warships of Italy, Denmark, Belgium and France as well as our own were dressed overall. Circling around them were eleven power yachts, and dozens of cabin cruisers, all suitably decked out for the occasion. Moving in and out among them in shoals and swarms were numberless small racing craft. During the day in Mediterranean weather **Princess Marina Duchess of Kent** crossed from Portsmouth in one of Britannia's fast barges. With her were **Princess Alexandra** and **Prince Michael**. The townspeople talked with pride of the visitors who were providing Cowes with royal patronage in numbers unknown since the days of King George V. For Prince Michael there was some serious sailing but Princess Alexandra took things more easily at first, enjoying an unscheduled sail in the Solent aboard the ketch *Terrania* owned by Major C. Ball, Vice-Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club.

Prince Philip has been Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron for some years but this year, with the additional rank of Commodore, he found his duties far more numerous. There was the annual general meeting (he went through it

at a gallop) and the affairs of the powerful house committee of which he is chairman to see to, not to mention the changes taking place in the Squadron itself. **Earl Cathcart** and **Viscount Runciman of Doxford** are now Rear-Commodores raising the Flag Officer strength of the Squadron from two to four. Lord Runciman's position is specially interesting because he is now in charge of yacht racing in general. This takes in the power and cruising side of yachting, both fast developing and both up to now not getting much of a look in from the Squadron. Just how this new interest will work out time will show, but Lord Runciman tells me that he is currently looking into quite a number of ideas. Lord Cathcart's concern as Rear-Commodore is regatta racing. It's a fairly hectic job during regatta week with 300-odd boats sailing in up to 18 different classes and more classes of boats hoping for recognition. He came to Cowes in his new 12 tonner, it's named after his three children and though everybody knows that nobody could remember the name of it!

Space at The Castle, Cowes, the Squadron's headquarters, is something that has been worrying members for a long time. The Ladies' Annexe which has been used for 50 years during Cowes Weeks isn't the happiest of arrangements.

For one thing it is situated away from the Squadron, across a busy road, which means two sets of catering arrangements and two kitchens. The idea of giving members' wives a better deal has been put to the committee and calmly (in contrast to recent doings at the New York Yacht Club) they have decided to improve things. A Ladies' Section with dining facilities, baths and changing rooms is to be built on stilts on the West side of the Castle. Work will probably start this winter. With more people than ever wanting to come to Cowes the town is feeling the pressure at the seams. Hotel accommodation is limited in every sense. Flats are few and expensive and most yachtsmen and women who don't live aboard find themselves making do in lodgings on a bed and breakfast basis.

It is appropriate that the yacht clubs should take the lead in dealing with the present changes for they, after all, have done most to keep Cowes going as a yachting centre and in building up its reputation. Now that the Island Sailing Club has that dynamo of British yachting, Mr. **Owen Aisher**, as Commodore it is not surprising that changes, big ones, are afoot there. The present cosy but unattractive club is to be pulled down and an up-to-date new building, costing in the region of £25,000, is to rise in its place. Work will begin next month and finish before Whitsun.

The Island Sailing Club is unique. It is informal to the point that anybody can drill in there, yet its 2,700 members come from right round the globe, and the first thing that keen sailors from abroad do when they come to Cowes is to set about joining the Island. Charter in the early morning before racing is cosmopolitan, and knowledgeable. I've come across what might have been a U.N. committee arguing on the balcony, but these people when contrasted with the U.N. are more successful in putting their words into action. "The money is coming in fairly well, I'm not very worried about being able to raise enough," Mr. Aisher told me. "Members are taking up debentures, and life membership and some are donating gifts." The club will be built on concrete piles and from the sea it will look much as it does now. A larger bar and dining-room will be connected by folding doors so that it can make a room of about 70 feet. There will be better facilities for the young cadets. But no bedroom accommodation. "Space we could provide would be about six rooms and then there would be the awful business of allotting them," Mr. Aisher said.

It takes big men to tower above this floating town of personalities and boats, and one of the sights of Cowes is Mr. **Uffa Fox**, fuzzy hair stiff with spray and smiles all over his face. "Got something new coming out," he told me across the drawing board in his pink-washed house lapped by the sea. "Going to patent it too—never done that before, but I think this time it's worth it." He likes to tease people. Their reactions amuse him. This new sail boat

isn't a new Class but what he hopes will be a big improvement on an existing one. Meanwhile he whizzes about the Solent in speedboats that curl up the spray with the venom of snakes. They are his own designs which he's trying out, one has gone to the South of France to Prince Troubetzkoy. Another awaits the race to Torquay.

For the most part it was a calm Cowes. One day I saw the entire 12-Metre fleet completely becalmed. Prince Philip sailing Bluebottle for the first time in 12 months came seventh in a fleet of 26 Dragons—a wonderful performance, especially so because by racing standards Bluebottle is now an old boat. That day the first Dragon over the line and the winner of the Celline Vase was **Surgeon Lieut. Ross Coles**, the royal Dragon's former skipper, sailing Mr. **Bill Citron's** new boat Nortie. They're a fine combination and won the Olympic-type Dragon event at Poole in June. A lot of jesting by the weather sent the entire fleet close in shore for the finish of at least two days' racing. This was a splendid opportunity for the spectators, the sight of **Sir Gordon Smith, Bt.** going crisply forward in *Vara* when others didn't seem to have a puff of wind, **Mrs. P. Mackinnon** approaching the finish in a *Redwing* with less than a second preceding her from *Fortuna II* owned by Mrs.

Collins and **Mrs. Danby**, and that skilled helmsman Mr. **Michael Crean**, a panama hat well lled down, judging things to a nicety in nature. It was a memorable sight, 200 boats at least, their coloured spinnakers billowing like Danish galleons, as they approached the Squadron Line in the late afternoon, the sun sinking behind them.

The passing so close inshore of the Queen's Yacht gives added grandeur to Cowes though helmsmen have told me that many an oath has been uttered as they go by! This year the Queen Elizabeth passed without the great upheaval of water playing havoc with helmsmen's calculations; the racing buoys having been moved well inside the deep water channel. Few boats are always interesting to see and this year saw the new Daring class fibreglass boats racing with the 5.5 Metres. The **Marquess of Milford Haven** won with his *Medina II*. Cowes was her first race and as crew Lord Milford Haven could not have had a better "secret weapon" than Mr. **Clive Smith** who knows the Solent waters like the back of his hand. "I'd like to see the Darings get going as a class and I think they will—I find an awful lot of interest in my boat," Mrs. **Clare Connell** told me. She was sailing the very first Daring which carries the exclusive sail, No. 1. It's a pleasant boat for a woman to sail. Mrs. **Robin Aisher** who sailed the *Daring I* in Helsinki recently neatly summed up one of its very practical advantages. "Being fibreglass it's got no ribs so you don't feel that you want a cushion after the first half hour!" It seems almost as good a boat as the 5.5 at half the cost.

The start for the Britannia Cup was one of the most interesting of the week with 46 ocean

racers, all of them 30-ft. or thereabouts, crossing the line. First home was Mr. Norman Wates's *Fedalah* and she was followed by the new and impressive *Quiver III* sailed by Mr. **S. H. R. Clarke**. Both are Nicholson-built boats and Mr. **Charles Nicholson** sailing in *Fedalah* and his son, **Peter** in *Quiver III* must have had a very satisfying day's racing. *Quiver* is one of our main hopes in the Fastnet Race about which I shall be writing from Plymouth next week.

THE COWES PARTIES

Meanwhile, on to the Cowes parties. Prince Philip, Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael were all at the party given by the Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth, **Admiral Sir Manley Power**, on board H.M.S. *Tiger*. Very appropriately, too, with the royal party came **Rear-Admiral Christopher Bonham-Carter**, star tiger shot with the Queen's party touring India earlier this year. He laughed on being reminded of those Indian tigers. One is now a rug at his home. The other is in storage while he wonders how to find room for it. This was a party with a deliciously nautical flavour. There were the yachting caps, the smart boat drill as guests arrived, and rescue operations by a *Tiger* launch when a dinghy capsized to starboard just as the party got under way. Among people there were **Capt. & Mrs. M. H. Eveleigh, Lt.-Col. A. C. Whitcombe**, Commodore of Seaview Yacht Club & **Mrs. Whitcombe, Lady Angela Dawnay, Col. Gerard Leigh**, and Miss **C. Mom-messin**, a pretty French girl. **Capt. & Mrs. D. J. Calnan** who were going on to dine with **Cdr. B. W. K. Hewson** on board H.M.S. *Wakeful*. **Air Cdre. & Mrs. "Bundle" Rogers**, and **Lt.-Cdr. C. D. Wilson** (regatta secretary for Portsmouth Command Sailing Association) & **Mrs. Wilson**, and **Maj. R. Macdonald-Buchanan**.

The Royal Navy does things so well and H.M.S. *Tiger* is quite the most interesting place I've been to for a reception for a long time. She's the latest in cruisers fitted to deal with atomic warfare. Able to sail through radiation with her entire complement shielded from the ill effects. She has so many charming old-fashioned touches—like scrubbed decks, gleaming brass fittings and chintz covers in the wardroom. **Capt. P. W. W. Graham** commands her and he was helping entertain the guests at the Commander-in-Chief's party as were some of *Tiger's* officers among whom I met **Capt. Edwards, Cdr. Wykes-Sneyd**, and **Lt.-Cdr. Partington**. Several were joined by their wives who came out from Portsmouth for the party and they included: **Cdr. & Mrs. Bates, Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. Smith, Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. Mitchell**, and **Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. Law**. It was their last social event on board before the ship sails to the Mediterranean. Next day the brightly painted launches, including one from *Britannia* with Prince Philip, were all heading towards the Italian cruiser, *Montecuccoli* at cocktail time. Guests

included: **Rear Admiral E. F. Perucca Orfe**, Italian Naval Attaché, **Commodore & Mrs. D. A. Casey, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. C. M. Macleod-Carey**, Miss **Elisabeth Sturges-Jones**, and **Capt. John Illingworth**.

IN VICTORIA'S GARDEN

On the first Saturday of Cowes Week **Surgeon Rear-Admiral & Mrs. Rudd** gave a garden party at Osborne House. Afternoon tea followed by raspberries and cream was served on the lawn, while the junior Guardsmen, in training on the island, played for tea and then smartly marched off. **Vice-Admiral Peter Dawnay** from the royal yacht *Britannia* was there, and so too were: the **Hon. Mrs. Kindersley, Sir James & Lady Milne, Mr. & Mrs. Philip Grimaldi, Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. Calvert-Jones**, and **Marquess Camden** who is Vice-Commodore of the Squadron. Also there: **Rear-Admiral & Mrs. William Tighe**, Miss **Ita Connors**, **Rear-Admiral & Mrs. R. A. Hawkesworth, Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Parkinson, Mr. Mark Woodnutt, M.P. & Mrs. Woodnutt**. Osborne was a complete eye-opener. The situation is superb, like Naples but prettier because of the ornamental trees. The terraced gardens have Renaissance statues and fountains and the layout of flower beds is quite superb. Indeed the same pattern of planting is followed today as in Queen Victoria's time with plenty of vivid reds and oranges which bring the whole place to life.

Later that evening I drove on to Yarmouth to the dance given by Mr. & Mrs. **Patrick Egan** for the coming out of his daughter, **Marie Louise**. This, too, had a superb setting. The french windows of the Egans' house, The Towers, open on to the lawn beyond which there is a sunken rose garden with a terrace near the sea. Not surprisingly there is a private jetty, for Mr. Egan is one of our leading 12-metre helmsmen. It was made use of by Lord Cathcart who arrived at the helm of his own boat. A splendid entrance for the Rear Commodore of the Squadron. Marie Louise's young friends and her parents' yachting friends made up a gathering of about 200. Among the guests: Mr. "Sonny" **Andrae**, Miss **Avril Kindersley**, Miss **Virginia Lathbury** (her parents Gen. Sir Gerald & Lady Lathbury were staying at Bembridge for Cowes Week), Miss **Sarah Budge, Mrs. Geraldine Cross**, for many years Captain of the Yarmouth One Design Class, and **Sir Peter & Lady Macdonald**. He's a member of eight of the Island's yacht clubs, but then for many years he was M.P. for the Isle of Wight.

Having a night out, and he doesn't have many as he sails too seriously, was Mr. **Eric Maxwell**, the young Scotsman who has been sailing *Sceptre* with such notable success since he bought her from the America's Cup syndicate. But he has no notions about taking her to race in America again. "She's just not fast enough for that," he told me. His pretty blonde wife was with him. She's *Sceptre's* timekeeper.

All in all a wonderful week.



Miss Marie-Louise Egan, for whom the dance was given. Below: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Maxwell with Earl Cathcart



At The Towers, Yarmouth, home of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Egan, a coming-out dance for 17-year-old Marie-Louise

Island excursions



Captain Michael Boyle, Irish Guards. Above centre: Mrs. James Hill. Above right: Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Heinemann. Right: The Towers where the party was held. Far right: Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Egan toast Marie-Louise



Right: Mr. Mark Woodnutt, M.P. for the Isle of Wight, with Captain Henry Brooke, R.N., & Miss Rachel Hotham. Below: Mrs. Mark Woodnutt. Below right: Mrs. Simon Clarke



Osborne House, now an officers' convalescent home, a garden party given by the House Governor, Surgeon Rear Admiral Rudd



Commander & Mrs. J. V. Bullen and Lady Macdonald



Sir Peter Macdonald with Major A. T. Philipson. Left: Surgeon Rear Admiral & Mrs. Rudd were hosts at the party



THE EARL'S BRIDE

Miss Davina Windley, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward & Lady Windley, married the Earl of Portarlington at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Mrs. Rollo Hoare, Miss Clayre & Miss Fiona Windley, the small bridesmaid is Serena Chaplin



Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wheatley & their son Vere, who was a page



Mrs. Peggy Nugent, the bridegroom's mother



Lt. Gen. Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, the bride's grandfather



Sir Edward & Lady Windley, the bride's parents

COUNT DOWN IN EDINBURGH

Two new plays are on the launching pad of this year's Festival. On past form they'll be hitting London soon. Richard Findlater takes a look at some of the reasons why a send-off in the Northern capital usually means an intercontinental orbit

DURING the next few weeks the dourly beautiful, coldly romantic city of Edinburgh turns, improbably and reluctantly, into a minor Mecca for theatre folk from all over the world. Coursing up and down the Royal Mile, scaling the heights of the Castle Rock, carrying out garrulous post-mortems along the windy reaches of Princes Street, they are drawn to Auld Reekie by the 15th international Festival—piloted this year by the Earl of Harewood. As ever, the Festival diet is in the local idiom—mixty-maxy. Both plays and showplaces are splendidly various. Comedy regulars now expect to gobble up a natural hot-pot of Greek classics, Parisian anti-trusticals, beatnik revues, Old Vic Shakespeareana and productions determinedly dipped in local colour, all served up with varying expertise in church halls, cellars, overcrowded rooms in Edinburgh wynds—and theatres, too. Last year nearly 100,000 people came to Edinburgh for the Festival, over a third of them from overseas. This year more than ever is expected, despite the apparent slump in U.S. tourism. To satisfy their needs the canny Edinburgh councillors—so often under fire for investing in such ungodly and unprofitable fripperies—are doubling their 1960 subsidy of £25,000. Music, of course, dominates the Edinburgh Festival. And in the theatrical field many of the plays are staged without municipal recognition, let alone subsidy—part of the half-amateur “fringe” that contributes so much to the vitality of the whole Scots jubilee.

But at the official heart of this year's Festival, dramatically speaking, there are at least three outstanding reasons for a playgoer's trek over the Border. Two of them are new plays by leading English authors, shown for the first time on any professional stage. The Bristol Old Vic is presenting *Sappho*, a verse-play by Laurence Durrell (author of the internationally top-selling

Alexandrian quartet), with Margaret Rawlings starring as the legendary Lesbian poet of the Near East. The English Stage Company is launching Nigel Dennis's new satirical play, *August For The People*, which means (I gather) to take the mickey out of the Establishment, with the help of Rex Harrison in the lead. What's more, there's Osborne's *Luther*. For timider enthusiasts, accustomed to the Old Vic's annual try-out, there are *King John* and *Dr. Faustus* (en route to the Waterloo Road). A French company is blending Molière and Achard. And local patriots, demanding festive

lebensraum for the vernacular, are offered Robert Kemp's *Let Wives Tak' Tent*.

So much for the official theatre in the 1961 Festival. As usual, it depends in the main on English managements, using Edinburgh as the launching-pad for productions aimed at London. And however fiercely Scots nationalists may preach against this dependence on the Sassanach stage, it is one of the facts of life which the Festival organizers have to swallow. To mount a new play for three weeks only, Festival or no Festival, means probable financial disaster. In that time no commercial manager can hope to



New revue *5 + 1* has a first night in the second week of the Festival. Rehearsing here: Dilys Laye and Fenella Fielding with actor Anton Rodgers, composer Carl Davis and director Steven Vinaver



PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEX LOW



The Bristol and London Old Vic companies are both represented in this year's Festival. Rehearsing (above) for the London production of King John: Jane Downs, Rosalind Atkinson, Maurice Denham, Robert Eddison, Maxine Audley and Hugh James. Top: Margaret Rawlings in the title role, with Nigel Davenport and director John Hale in Bristol's rehearsal of Lawrence Durrell's Sappho

get back his preliminary production costs (say, £6,000) and meet his weekly bills, even if it's standing room only all the way. If he opens a play in Edinburgh it is in the certainty—whether based on fact or mere congenital optimism—that he will see it open in the West End a few weeks later.

At a big pinch, and with a big push, repertories can take the risk of a première. They are used to budgeting for limited runs (only a few can stretch their public over three weeks). Amateurs, too, can—and do—venture into new drama on the fringe, secure in the fact that both costs and standards are usually well below the Plimsoll line. But for top-ranking productions the Festival cannot hope to achieve what, in current contractual jargon, is known as “exclusivity.” What it can aspire to do is to bring off theatrical scoops, by offering the first stage to plays that later circle the world. And in this aim it has succeeded with surprising frequency. Best known of the Edinburgh “firsts” are the crypto-religious, quasi-poetic plays of T. S. Eliot, all launched under the auspices of Henry Sherek: *The Cocktail Party* (1949), *The Confidential Clerk* (1953) and *The Elder Statesman* (1959). Another Sherek opener that moved in glory down to London was the stage version of *Under Milk Wood*. Charles Morgan's high-minded maquis drama, *The River Line*, began its successful career in Edinburgh. Other official Festival offerings, destined for the West End, included Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, Sean O'Casey's *Cock A Doodle Dandy*, and Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*.

Many plays, of course, have apparently gone to their graves in Festival time, heaped with insults by the critics. Among these casualties are Jonathan Griffin's historical marathon *The Hidden King* (1957) and Bernard Kops's symbolic morality *The Dream of Peter Mann* (1960).

Yet death in Edinburgh may not be final. Though Mr. Kops, for instance, has not yet seen his play in London, it has been published as a Penguin and its foreign rights have brought him some compensation for a Festival flop.

Outside, on the fringe, a young playmaker like John McGrath—whose *Why The Chicken?* took the stage here in 1958—may, at the least, get the chance of that invaluable self-education which only the sight of one's work in action can provide. While another may find the golden key to success in the theatre, films and television—like Willis Hall, whose *The Long And The Short And The Tall* was first staged (as *The Disciplines Of War*) by an amateur group in the 1959 Festival. The Edinburgh Festival can boast of a distinguished roll-call of living British writers whose work has been introduced to the public during the past fifteen times, whether officially or beyond the pale. They include Eric Linklater, Sydney Goodsir Smith, Hugh Ross Williamson and Peter Ustinov. And not the least, it should be remembered, are the four creators of that revolutionary revue *Beyond The Fringe!*

Words and pictures by Brodrick Haldane

The Scottish season, like Jane Austen's heroines, enjoys only a brief bloom; a fact I have never ceased to regret since I photographed my first Highland Gathering for The Tatler with a postcard Kodak bandaged with sticking-plaster. The exploit caused a local landed laird to remark somewhat caustically to my father, "I trust this may prove only a passing phase." He was wrong. Brought up in a district steeped in the romantic lore of a dramatic past, punctuated by personalities scarcely less spectacular than their historically-famed forebears, who lived in ancestral seats with euphonious names, the scope of potential photographic possibilities seemed inexhaustible. Activity, then as now, reached concert pitch with the start of the shooting season & the succession of games, gatherings & balls.

Time was when one thought little of crossing a loch in a motor launch in evening dress, mackintoshes & Wellington boots, to go to some dance. Roads were bad and boats were in constant use; even country-house visiting had its hazards in the western highlands. Once a bishop, who had been staying at my home, missed his footing getting

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Who's Who in the Highlands



Dunvegan Castle on Skye is the ancestral seat of Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod (above left) the 28th chief of her clan, one of the few women in Scotland (and the first of her line for 700 years) to be entitled to wear the eagle feathers of Highland chieftainship. The Macleod stronghold, one of the oldest continuously occupied castles in Scotland, could at one time only be entered from the sea by a door that still exists at the top of a steep flight of steps. The castle has a rich store of relics including the legendary Fairy Flag, said to have been given to the 4th Chief by his fairy wife and to possess magical powers of protection for Macleods



Who's Who in the Highlands

CONTINUED

into a dinghy on his way to the station & fell into the sea. This eminent divine happened to be a non-swimmer but he was rescued with a boat-hook. A telegram was sent to his wife saying, "Bishop too wet to travel." Those indeed were the days—days when the late Captain of Dunstaffnage attended the Oban balls wearing the key of his historic castle on a chain around his neck; Lady Elspeth Campbell played the bagpipes; & the Countess of Cromartie absentmindedly danced in her bedroom slippers at the Northern Meeting at Inverness.

One of the first Scottish chiefs I levelled my Kodak at was Niall, 10th Duke of Argyll who, like Cameron of Lochiel, Maclean of Ardgour, & the Mackintosh of



Mackintosh, was a familiar figure in my boyhood. We used to motor over to the Games held in the park below Inveraray Castle on the shores of Loch Fyne. We sat on wooden benches, more often than not with the rain running down our necks, watching the competitors valiantly capering on a platform strewn with sodden sawdust. Now and again, during the playing of a particularly long pibroch, the Duke would make a wry face. I don't think he cared much for the pipes. Sometimes, after the Games,



we were asked to tea up at the castle, where I can remember buckets placed at strategic points to catch the raindrops falling from the roof of the great hall. It was a different scene I returned to photograph after the present Duke of Argyll had restored Inveraray Castle with such skill & ingenuity. Short & pale-faced, the late Duke had none of the rugged ferocity or demeanour which might have been expected of Highland chiefs in general & Campbells in particular. He wrote voluminous letters in a neat, scholarly hand usually heading his letter with the name of the



Achnacarry in Inverness-shire is the Scottish home of Lieut.-Col. Donald Hamish Cameron of Lochiel (top) 26th Chief of Clan Cameron. The house on the banks of the River Arkaig was rebuilt in 1800 close to the site of the original Cameron stronghold destroyed by the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden. The "Gentle Lochiel" of the '45 escaped to France with Prince Charles Edward and never returned to the Highlands



Inveraray Castle is the storybook stronghold of the Duke of Argyll (top) Chief of Clan Campbell, who succeeded his kinsman, the 10th Duke, in 1949. He bears 19 of the most resounding hereditary titles in the Scottish peerage, the proudest of them being Mac Caillein Mhor, "Great Colin." Inveraray was built in 1746 by Archibald, 3rd Duke of Argyll, on the site of an earlier fortress of which no trace now remains



Duart Castle, Isle of Mull, is the West Highland seat of Sir Charles Maclean of Dowart & Morvaren, Bt. (top with Lady Maclean), 27th Chief of Clan Maclean. Sir Charles, who is also Chief Scout, succeeded his grandfather in 1936. Duart, overlooking the Sound of Mull, was the stronghold of Maclean chiefs from earliest times. It is reputed to stand on a site once occupied by a fortress built against Norse raiders



Highland chiefs was, of course, Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel. Tall and soldierly, he held strong views and was not afraid to express them. He once proclaimed that Scotsmen were not such arrant fools as to take Home Rule for Scotland seriously; adding that they knew on which side their bread was buttered, and it was far better buttered from London than it would be from Glasgow. Nationalists thought this rather vulgar.

Lochiel's piper, Norman MacRae, was a remarkable character too. Shortly after electricity had first been put into Achnacarry, Lochiel asked MacRae one night at dinner why the lights had suddenly gone so low. "Och," replied MacRae, "It will be the cook—she's poaching an egg."

What of the present-day hierarchy of Scottish clan chiefs? Some are living in enforced, or temporary "exile" like the Duke of Montrose in the Highlands of Kenya. His family, the Grahams, was once one of the most powerful in the north. Others such as the Mackinnon of Mackinnon and



Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, 31st hereditary chief of Clan Chattan, who lives in Southern Rhodesia, & the late Cluny Macpherson—whose ancestor was among Prince Charlie's most dedicated followers—long ago ceased to be associated with their former territorial domains. Among those still valiantly holding their own with traditional tenacity are the Dukes of Atholl & Argyll, who own two of the most impressive ancestral seats in Scotland. They have opened their castles, Blair & Inveraray, to the public with immense success. Likewise, Dame Flora Macleod of Macleod at Dunvegan, whose son-in-law is the 22nd chief of the clan Macnab, and Lady Jean—younger daughter of the late Duke of

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Duntrune Castle, overlooking Loch Crinan, is the seat of Lieut.-Col. Malcolm of Poltalloch, Chief of Clan Malcolm and Vice-Lieutenant of Argyll. He succeeded to the chieftainship in 1944. Duntrune was formerly a stronghold of the Campbells who granted the neighbouring Poltalloch lands to the Malcolms in 1562. The castle ranks with Dunvegan as one of the oldest continuously inhabited of Scottish domains



Falkland Palace overlooks the main street of Falkland, once the capital of the Stewartry of Fife. The Hereditary Keeper of the Palace is Major Michael Crichton-Stuart (top with his wife) grandson of the 3rd Marquess of Bute, who restored Falkland as one of the most picturesque private residences in Scotland. The palace was completed by James V, father of Mary Queen of Scots, and was a favourite with the royal house



Barcaldine Castle, near Benderloch, Argyll, is the home of Mrs. MacDougall of MacDougall (top with her husband, Mr. Leslie Grahame MacDougall), 30th chief of her clan. Barcaldine was built in the 16th century by Sir Duncan Campbell, 7th Knight of Glenorchy, who was known in the Highlands as "Duncan of the Seven Castles." Mrs. MacDougall is a member of one of the oldest Scottish families



Mrs. MacLachlan of MacLachlan became the first woman chief of her clan for 600 years when she succeeded her father in 1942. Her husband (seen with her) formerly Mr. George Rome, adopted the clan name on her succession. Their seat is Castle Lachlan, Strathlachlan in Argyll, an estate retained tenaciously by the MacLachlans though through the turbulent years surrounded on all sides by Campbells

The Marquess of Huntly, right, chief of the Gordons and premier Marquess of Scotland, bears the picturesque hereditary title of "Cock of the North." He succeeded his great-uncle, the 11th Marquess, in 1937, and is married to the former Hon. Pamela Berry, only daughter of the 1st Viscount Kemsley. They have a son and a daughter



The Countess of Erroll, 27th Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland and 32nd Chief of the Clan Hay, is, next to the Queen, Scotland's First Lady. Her Gaelic title is MacGarardh Mhor. The Countess and her husband, Sir Iain Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Bt., Unicorn Pursuivant of Arms, live with their two sons and daughter at Easter Moncreiffe, near Bridge of Earn, Perthshire



The Duke of Hamilton & Brandon, head of the House of Douglas and premier peer in the Scottish peerage, holds the hereditary office of Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. He lives at Lennoxlove, East Lothian



Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss, Bt., chief of the Clan Colquhoun, succeeded his father, the 7th baronet, in 1948. For generations the Colquhoun family have held extensive lands in Dunbartonshire where the present clan chief lives with his wife and family at Rosdhu on Loch Lomondside

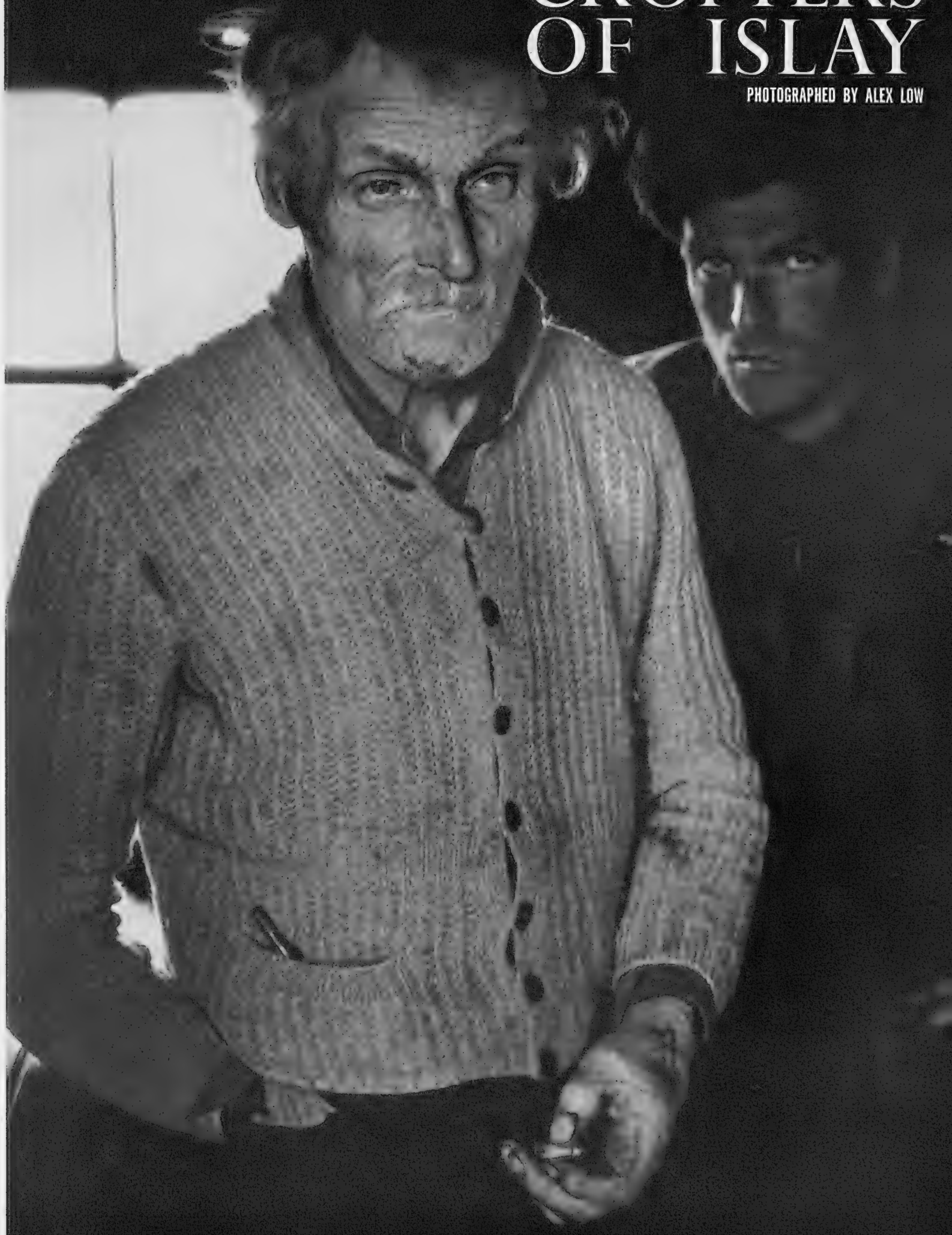
Who's Who in the Highlands

CONCLUDED

Montrose—at Brodick Castle on the island of Arran. The Mackintosh of Mackintosh pulled down Moy Hall near Inverness some time ago & built himself a compact, up-to-date house nearby; Malcolm of Poltalloch has similarly dismantled his "big hoose" & transformed an old castle-keep on his Argyll estate into the most enviable of highland homes; the American-born chief of the Macneils is busily restoring his ancient clan stronghold, Kisimul, on the island of Barra in the Outer Hebrides; Mrs. MacDougall of MacDougall, mother of the chief of that clan, has resourcefully turned Dunollie, the family house in Oban into flats; while Campbell of Dunstaffnage, who succeeded his uncle as hereditary captain of centuries-old Dunstaffnage on Loch Etive, has for his home a castle that was once the crowning-place of early Scottish kings.

THE LAST CROFTERS OF ISLAY

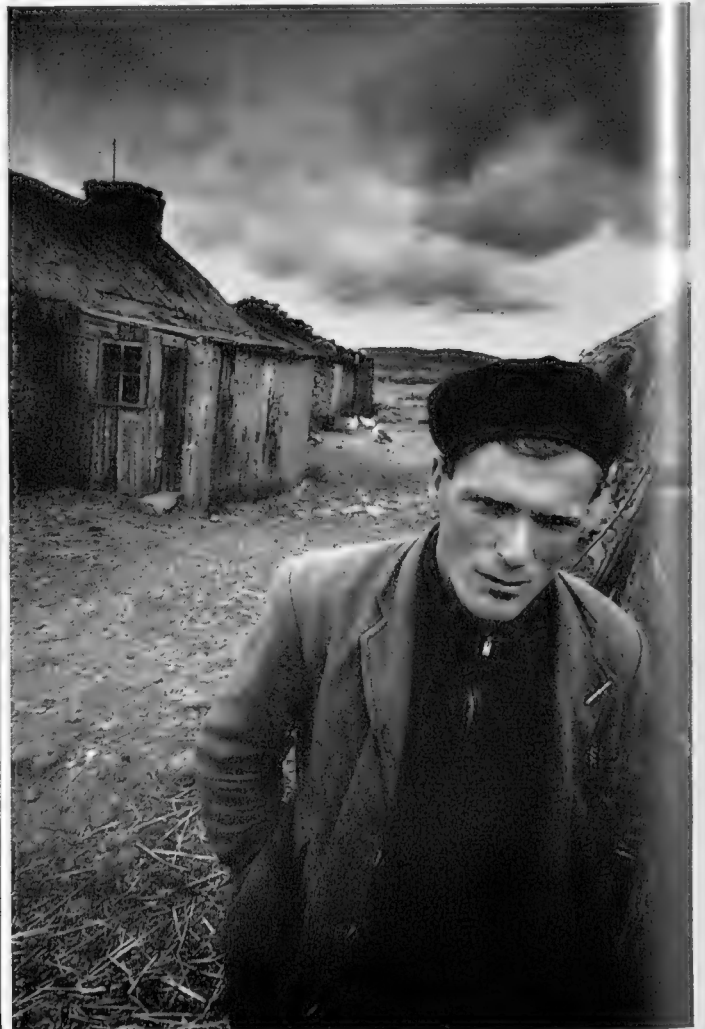
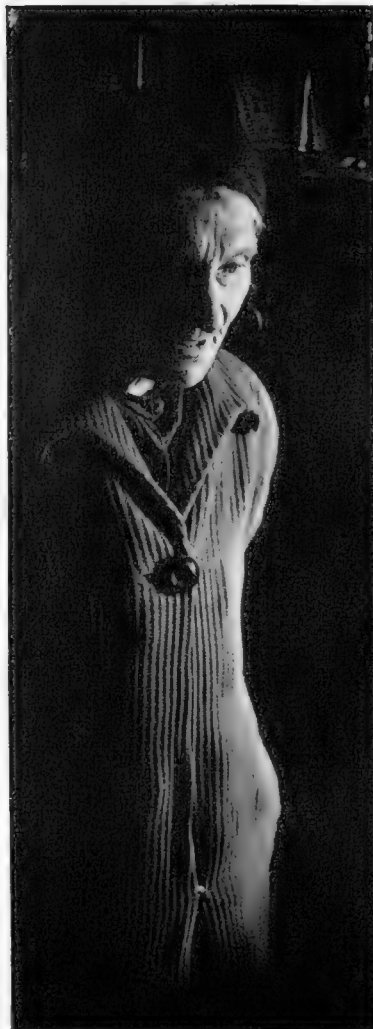
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX LOW





INSIDE THE CROFT TATTERED CARDBOARD SAGS FROM THE ROOF, OVER THE FIRE VINTAGE CORONATION TEA CADDIES, ON THE RIGHT A DEAD BATTERY RAY

The last crofters of Islay are the Reid family, mother, father and two sons—a third emigrated to the mainland years back and became a builder. His departure is remembered as a landmark in a family lifetime as self-contained as in medieval times. The Reids live about four miles from the sea on the road that leads upwards through the heather to the hills. Their house is thatched and stone-built with two windows—tiny because a tax was once levied on size. The only modern addition is a windowless shed of corrugated iron. Five decades back Islay, on the southern tip of the Hebrides, was an island of crofts. Now only the Reids still work the stubborn soil in the traditional way. They grow their own wheat, potatoes and other vegetables, take milk from their cow, eggs from their chickens and sell wool from their sheep to buy lamp oil and the cloth from which Mrs. Reid makes their clothes. Though Islay is prosperous with a 4,000 population, whisky distilleries, modern farms and a daily air-link with Glasgow, the Reids are withdrawn and independent, suspicious and half-fearful of strangers. They speak only Gaelic among themselves, are apparently happy and rarely fall ill. The sons will not marry while their mother lives, the croft has enough work for one woman and there is no place for a second.



AT NIGHTFALL MRS. REID AWAITS THE MEN'S RETURN WHILE SON IAN MAKES THE ROUNDS OF THE CROFT



PETER REID WATERS THE CROFTERS' HORSE AT A HILL STREAM THAT RUNS THROUGH THE CULTIVATION



THE MEN OF THE HOUSE: IAN, BRIAN AND PETER REID



Colour day at S



Stirling Castle

Umbrellas sprouted in a hundred bright colours and designs among the watchers on the rain-swept blue-grey parade ground at Stirling Castle where the Queen presented new regimental colours to the 7th & 8th Battalions, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders during her recent visit to Scotland with Prince Philip. Later the Queen with Col. C. B. Sherriff, Hon. Col. of the 7th Battalion, talked to Old Comrades of the regiment before receiving the Keys of Stirling Castle



TRAVELLING NORTH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CLARK

For north-of-the-border-raids, a lambs-wool sweater, tweed skirt the colour of golden catkins. Both come from the Munrospun range of teamed co-ordinates available in many colours. At the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, the sweater, £3 12s. 6d., the skirt, 7½ gns. Flat shoes in mustard suède with high throat and stacked heels, Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street, £4 9s. 6d.

Peat-coloured wool jumper and tan scarf with a wool skirt striped in peat and tan, by Fredrica, Woollands, S.W.1, J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea; Copland & Lye, Glasgow (in September), 11½ gns. Rayne's Tweedie stockings in ribbed brown wool from Rayne, New Bond St., 12s. 6d. Dark brown calf shoes from main Lotus branches, 6 gns. Shepherd's crook from the Scotch House, 9 gns.



Fine lambswool sweater bound in braid. Made by Lyle & Scott in pastel shades, it is at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.I; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Shetland Industries, Glasgow. £3 19s. 6d.





Long-sleeved dinner dress in mulberry velvet. The tight-fitting sheath flares at the hemline. By Frank Usher, at Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.I; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. About 17 gns.

Grey wool-and-mohair sweater banded in bottle-green by Kintyre. The Scotch House, Knightsbridge; Matthias Robinson, Leeds; Daly's, Glasgow. About 8½ gns. The cavalry twill trousers also at the Scotch House, 9 gns. The fishing rod, creel and hat come from Hardy's, Pall Mall. Veldtschoens are by Lotus, at all their main stores. 5 gns.



Proofed Otterburn tweed suit (left) by Lillywhites. The jacket is reversible, lined with poplin, and has business-like patch pockets. It can be worn with a skirt or as it is here, with culottes. At Lillywhites, Piccadilly, and Edinburgh. Jacket 11 gns., culottes 7½ gns., skirt, £6 19s. 6d. Morley's horse skin gloves, 47s. 6d. Gun from Purdey

Black Watch tartan heavy wool coat by Dorville. It buttons from neck to hem, has three-quarter-length sleeves. At Selfridges, W.1; Edith Dennett, Wilmslow; Scrimgeour, Perth. £40 14s. Blue silk square from Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1, 19s. 6d. Black Watch tartan and calf leather handbag come from the Scotch House. £4 12s. 6d.



Long-line cardigan in pale blue lambs-wool by Hogg of Hawick. On sale in early September at Dickins & Jones; Webbers, Oxford; The Tartan Gift Shop, Edinburgh. 79s. The knife pleated skirt in various clan tartans comes from the Scotch House. 7 gns.



Grouse-coloured pure cashmere cardigan by Ballantyne of Peebles. It has three-quarter-length sleeves and flat brass buttons. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, 8½ gns. The heavy tweed skirt, woven in brown, green and cream checks; the Scotch House, £7 15s.





Lambswool threepiece by Pringle of Scotland in butterscotch, the shade they are launching this autumn. The skirt is lined, the cardigan collarless. Also in other colours, at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore Street. 16½ gns. Printed silk scarf by Liberty 47s. 6d.

Loch-blue lambswool jersey by Braemar, with deep V-neck and fly-away collar. Made in other colours, and available at Swan & Edgar, W.1; Gwen Cooper, Pinner; A. Caird, Perth. 4 gns. The tartan trousers; the Scotch House. 5 gns.

LORD KILBRACKEN

The
gipsy's
warning

IT WAS ON MY FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND, IN THE EARLY summer of 1941, that I had my first real brush with that old enemy, death. The circumstances were curious. I was in love, at the time, with a beautiful girl named Angel (of whom, incidentally, I wonder what's become). Our combined ages were 39, of which I contributed 20, and we had been engaged for two of them. A few weeks earlier, I had been on weekend leave in London, and we were walking arm-in-arm, murmuring sweet nothings, down Coventry Street, or it may have been Shaftesbury Avenue, when we saw a fortune-teller's booth in one of those tatty, chromium-plated amusement arcades.

"Come on," I said. "Just for fun, let's cross the lady's palm with silver."

Without more ado we went inside, and demanded to know our futures. I was in bell-bottoms at the time—very soon afterwards, I acquired the wavy gold stripe of an Acting Temporary Probationary Sub-Lieutenant (A)—and Angel, who not long afterwards became an Aircraftwoman Second Class, was still a civvy, employing her knowledge of Modern Languages, acquired at Oxford, in the manufacture of bombs and flares at a converted fireworks factory. For half-a-crown each, the gipsy lady would be happy to make our whole future plain, but she positively insisted that we would have to see her separately. This we thought a pity—it wouldn't be so much fun—but we were compelled to agree.

It was I who went in first, at the gipsy's suggestion. I confidently expected that she would cleverly inform me that Angel and I would marry and live happily ever after. Instead, she said nothing of any interest whatever—just the usual generalizations about long journeys and dark strangers, as I told Angel after her turn. "How about you?" I asked.

"The same," she replied, after no perceptible pause. And we laughed and walked on.

A month or so later, duly commissioned, I was appointed to the Royal Naval Air Station at Crail, in Fifeshire, for a few weeks' instruction in the gentle art of dropping torpedoes. Flying, or thinking about flying, occupied most of our time. It was here that we "converted" to operational aircraft, in the shape of the Swordfish (top speed 100 knots) and the new-fangled Albacore (top speed 120 knots). The latter, despite its extra "speed," was to fall by the wayside long before the former, which was still operational in 1945.

Even in those early days, when it was still a new toy, we had a derogatory rhyme about the Albacore. It was powered by a Taurus engine, the Swordfish by a

Pegasus; and we used to sing as follows to the tune of *Bring Back My Bonnie*:

*The Swordfish relies on its Peggy,
The modified Taurus ain't sound;
So the Swordfish flies out on its missions
And the Albacore stays on the ground.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh bring back my Stringbag to me . . .*

That this song was justified I was soon to prove.

One fine sunny morning, I took part in an exercise which involved climbing to some 10,000 feet above the Firth of Forth, diving more or less vertically to just above sea level, and then carrying out a dummy torpedo attack on a moving target-vessel. The climb was quite all right, so was the dive; but when I then slowly opened the throttle, nothing whatever happened.

There isn't much you can do about it when you experience total engine failure at fifty feet except go straight ahead and "ditch." This I consequently did, though it was made less easy because, as it happened, I was heading downwind at the time. On hitting the water, two troublesome things occurred: I was thrown forward against the instrument panel and knocked out, and the Albacore then tilted slightly forward, completely submerging the cockpit (though most of the rest of the aircraft remained clear of the water).

And I was in the cockpit.

The inrush of the Forth revived me to a situation not completely to my liking. Bleeding rather profusely, I was strapped into my seat some three feet, no more, under water—near enough to the surface, I remember, to see the light from the sun quite distinctly above me. But I had to undo my straps before I could get out, and, to my discomfiture, I couldn't find the pin which held them in position.

After about 105 seconds (as I was able to deduce afterwards) I could hold my breath no longer. So I decided, clinging to a straw, that the only course open to me was to *break* the straps which held me, though I knew in my rational mind that this was totally impossible. So I caught hold of the top of the wind-screen and pulled like hell. And at once, miraculously, I popped like a cork to the surface.

I cannot to this day explain this. The only possible rational explanation is that an automatic reflex action prompted me to remove the pin as soon as I hit the water; it had been out all the time. This would account for my subsequent inability to find it as well as for the fact that I was able to leave the cockpit. But I had no conscious recollection of having done so.

I surfaced almost two minutes after going under, as timed by watchers on the surface vessel, which quickly came to my rescue.

What, it may be asked, has all this to do with Angel and the gipsy? It wasn't for five years that I myself discovered. We broke our engagement and went our separate ways, until, after the war, we found ourselves at Oxford again. She asked me, one evening, if I remembered the fortune-teller.

"I couldn't bring myself to tell you at the time," she said. "To you she would say nothing, but to me she told two things. Firstly, that you and I would never be married. Secondly, that within two months you would either be killed, or would only escape with your life through some inexplicable circumstance."

Those were strange things, I thought, to tell a girl of 19 about her sailor fiancé in wartime. Even though they turned out to be true.



SCOTTISH FILE



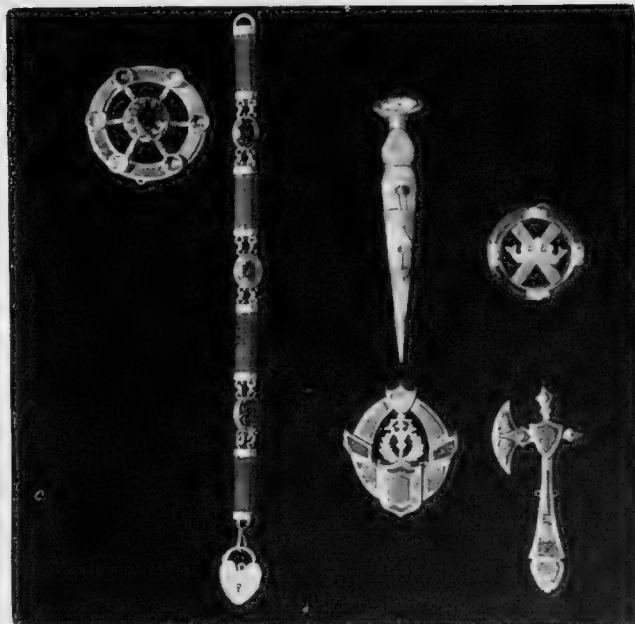
Glassmaking has several centuries of tradition behind it in the Edinburgh and Leith area. Now, the Edinburgh Crystal firm is the only one left. 130 years old, it is known for cut and engraved glass, though plainer patterns, Jacobean and Georgian reproductions are made. These examples are available at Alfred Dunhill, S.W.1. Cut crystal decanter is £7 14s.; matching glasses, £2 2s. 6d. & £1 15s.



Pigskin wallet for racegoers from Jenner's of Edinburgh. It contains notebook, pencil, racing odds calculator and an outer pocket for betting slips (£2 7s. 6d. plus 1s. postage). Also, gilt key ring with marcasite thistle motif. Exclusive to Jenner's, 1 gn.



Horn mug, smooth-lined, elegant. From the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, W.1. One size only, 17s. 6d.



Jewellery in traditional Scottish designs, made from stones uniquely connected with Scotland (agate, bloodstone, semi-precious cairngorms and amethyst) is stocked by Margaret Mackenzie, Piccadilly Arcade. Mostly Victorian, but there are some modern pieces by a Scottish silversmith. These examples are Victorian. From left: gold brooch, large cairngorm surrounded by bloodstones and cornellians set with amethysts, garnets and cairngorms (£20). Slender bracelet, silver locket and setting for dark green bloodstones and cairngorms (15 gns.) Dirk kilt pin, grey agate with Scottish hall mark (£8 10s.), below it a mixed agate brooch (9 gns.). Silver Scottish crown brooch with bloodstones, grey agate, cornellians (7 gns.). Lochaber Axe kilt pin, pink Aberdeen granite set in silver. (4 gns.)

Pigskin double flask container, a light weight for sportsmen. Flask are of toughened plastic with stoppers. At Fortnum & Mason, W.1, price: £3 15s.



Horn napkin ring (7s. 6d.), porridge spoon (7s. 6d.) and egg cup & spoon (21s.) are from an amusing collection at the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, S.W.1





CRISPAN WOODGATE

Three Faces of Finney—the reformer (above), the devout (left) and the rebel (top)—in Luther, reviewed by Anthony Cookman opposite

VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Luther. Royal Court Theatre. (Albert Finney, John Moffatt, Peter Bull, George Devine.)

Yes, you must see Luther

MR. JOHN OSBORNE'S **Luther**, HOWEVER YOU LOOK AT IT, IS A THEATRICAL event. It encourages us to expect that the author will go on producing plays as ambitious and perhaps better. It gives Mr. Albert Finney an acting opportunity which he uses masterfully. It stirs Mr. Tony Richardson to his imaginative best as a director. And all this is quite something.

As to the play itself, it will be found, I think, only now and then really exciting but still from first to last of absorbing interest. The dramatist's energies go into exposition rather than action. This is because Mr. Osborne has learned from Brecht—though all too evidently he has not wholly assimilated the lesson—that history is not shaped by heroes but usually condescends to make bogus heroes of the instruments it uses for its own mechanical purposes. **Luther**, by this reckoning, is not the theologically gifted monk of Wittenburg who, stubbornly holding that man is not saved by good deeds—since all his acts are sinful—but only by his faith in God, preached against the sale of indulgences through which salvation could be bought, and by his long defiance of the powerful Papacy split Christendom. History may salute him as the founder of Protestantism, but plain men know that the Church was ripe for reform and if the reformer had not been Luther it would of course have been someone else. The theory that great men are made by circumstances is a familiar one, but the dramatist who adopts it is in honour bound to give his audience a pretty clear description of the circumstances that have the effect of elevating an ordinary man into the ranks of historic personages. This is a duty which Mr. Osborne shirks.

One might plead that **Luther** is not an historical play. It is a study in behaviour that tries to delve below the surface to ascertain the hidden meanings lurking underneath the accepted facts. But what are the accepted facts, when it comes to that? According to Mr. Osborne, **Luther** is a man in whom chronic constipation set up strong neurotic obsessions, tightening his intuitive rebelliousness into an obstinate individualism and twisting into hysteria the torments of the spirit from which he never escaped until he relapsed into the domestic comforts of old age. The play certainly brings this man vividly to life, and Mr. Finney, in an assured and highly resourceful performance, touches this life with stage intensity. Only when **Luther** is preaching or resisting the steely blandishments of the German papal legate or taking his historic stand at the Diet of Worms does the actor get the chance to exhibit the character in action. In all too many scenes the scholar-monk is engaged in arguments which do not really touch the core of the matter in hand, but Mr. Finney never lets us forget in these scenes that we are listening to a man who is never wholly free, not even in his more uninhibited outbursts that earned him the name of "the foul-mouthed monk," of inner anguish. Whether that anguish springs from the tormented body or the tormented spirit Mr. Osborne leaves us free to doubt. Wherever he can the actor puts the emphasis on the spirit, but he is never allowed to convince us that the strength of the reformer's tenacious resistance to temporal authority is drawn from a deep religious faith. The consequence is that when the chronicle comes to **Luther's** betrayal of the peasants who have revolted in a cause they believe to be his, to his going over to the Establishment once his own battle has been won, and his final indifference to what the world may be doing outside his cosy married life, all sorts of questions are raised to which the author gives no answers. We may suspect that the answers are only to be found in **Luther's**

spiritual life to which the play seems deliberately to refuse us access.

But Mr. Osborne is concrete and theatrical even where he is not very strongly dramatic, and Mr. Richardson's production pounces on whatever is dramatic and sets the whole chronicle moving to a beautifully strong rhythm. It is especially successful in the early scenes of the neurotic youth's initiation into monastic life and unhappiness in his failure to live up to the demands of the religious life. Mr. Peter Bull presides with oleaginous fake pity over an amusing representation of a mock auction of Papal guaranteed salvation for those who can be wheedled into paying for it. Mr. John Moffatt has a good part as a worldly wise Italian cardinal, and Mr. George Devine is a knowing old priest who makes himself **Luther's** patron. Altogether, there is plenty to see as well as to hear, and the play should add considerable theatrical interest to the Edinburgh Festival after it leaves the Royal Court and before it goes on again at the Phoenix.

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

Such superior little dears

No, My Darling Daughter. Michael Redgrave, Michael Craig, Juliet Mills, Rad Fulton, Roger Livesey. Directed by Ralph Thomas. Rank.

East Of Eden. James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey, Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet. Directed by Elia Kazan. Warner.

Infidelity. Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, François Perrier, Jean-Pierre Cassel. Directed by Philippe de Broca. "X" Certificate. Miracle Films.

IN VIEW OF THE WAY THE WORLD WAGS, I WOULD NOT SAY A TITLE like **No, My Darling Daughter** is ideal for pulling in the teenagers. The vision it conjures up—of a parent actually presuming to lay down the law for its young—is surely desperately off-putting. One sees the pony-tails tossing hoity-toitily—the black-leather shoulders hunching in disdain at the very idea. I mean, for Heaven's sakes, we're not living in the Dark Ages, are we?

Well, I hope the little dears don't take up this huffy attitude about Miss Betty Box's latest production—a comedy directed by Mr. Ralph Thomas—because if it was not designed for the teenagers, I really can't think for whom it was intended; it would be a great pity if, on account of that forbidding title, they were to miss a film in which youth scores all along the line and their elders (and, of course, inferiors) are sternly kept in their proper place—the back seat.

Miss Juliet Mills—the talented Miss Hayley Mills's talented elder sister—plays the tomboyish, 16-year-old daughter of an enormously rich city tycoon, Sir Michael Redgrave. Her father, a widower, feels it is time she learned a few social graces—she is forever, in her own words, dropping clangers and has no dress-sense—and proposes to send her to a French finishing school. Miss Mills rebelliously clings to her gym-tunic, cricket bat and hockey stick: she thinks she's all right as she is.

So, at heart, does Mr. Michael Craig—son of Sir Michael's old friend and business associate, Mr. Roger Livesey—who has known her all her life. It's true he calls her Button-face and treats her as if she were a half-wit, but he's very fond of her, all the same. He and Sir Michael are pleased and a little mystified when Miss Mills suddenly elects not to go back to her old school and begins to take an interest in clothes.

What they do not know is that Miss Mills has met a kindred spirit—a young American, Mr. Rad Fulton, who, in his own inelegant expression, "goofs" as regularly as Miss Mills drops clangers, which naturally makes him ideal company for her. She is blissfully happy cruising around London with him on his motor-scooter. Mr. Craig, who sees them together one day, strongly disapproves; he is much relieved when Miss Mills is sent off to Scotland with Mr. Livesey—that ought to keep her out of the strange American's clutches.

But it doesn't. Miss Mills has invited her chum along—and while Mr. Livesey is concentrating on his fishing, she and Mr. Fulton vanish, to take a little camping holiday together. Mr. Craig fears the worst—and so does Sir Michael, who is livid: he makes Miss Mills a Ward of

Court and gives the story to the Press. Banner headlines, "Heiress Elopes With Unknown Romeo," cause romantic hearts to throb up and down the country—a nation-wide search for the missing couple is instantly on. It is the faithful Mr. Craig who finds them, knocks Mr. Fulton out, kidnaps Miss Mills and brings her home ignominiously in a horse-box.

Teenagers will be delighted to hear that Miss Mills and Mr. Fulton are able, by polite blackmail, to persuade Sir Michael to let them become engaged. Adults will smile sardonically over the fact that Miss Mills subsequently decides not to marry Mr. Fulton, after all—and that it only takes a single kiss from Mr. Craig to make her change her mind.

Sir Michael gives a polished and Miss Mills a pleasing performance in this innocent little romp; Mr. Craig, whom neither comedy nor a bowler hat really suits, could be described as Miss Jane Russell once was—as "mean, moody and magnificent."

One looks wonderingly at the screen image of the late Mr. James Dean in the six-year-old film, *East of Eden*, which has now been re-issued. What was it about this young man that made him the idol of millions of teenagers all over the world? It can't, surely, have been that weak face,

with its small, half-closed, squinty eyes and moist-lipped, pouting mouth—or that mumbling speech, crazy giggle and violent outbursts.

I can only conclude that Mr. Dean, as the boy who loved his father (Mr. Raymond Massey) and suffered agonies of jealousy because the old man seemed to prefer his other son (Mr. Richard Davalos), struck an answering chord of self-pity in the teenage heart: he was probably for the young the very embodiment of all long-suffering youth—misprized, misunderstood and grossly put-upon by the older generation, which is, as everybody knows, unspeakably and wilfully obtuse.

The film has been beautifully directed by Mr. Elia Kazan and is worth seeing if only for Miss Julie Harris's wonderfully sensitive performance.

We were promised a new Miss Jean Seberg in *Infidelity* and she does indeed *look* different, in that she is wearing a longish bob instead of her Joan of Arc hair-crop—but she still speaks French in that excruciating American accent and she's still just a gal who can't say "no."

Married to a cosy historian (M. François Perier) who bores her, she embarks on a passionate affair with M. Jean-Pierre Cassels: he is, though she doesn't know it, the lover of her friend, Mlle. Micheline Presle—whose successful couture business enables her to keep him in the luxury he appreciates. All very French—but only mildly amusing.



The lighter side of teenage problems is treated in No, My Darling Daughter. The idea of a finishing school in Paris practically finishes off Juliet Mills (above) when Sir Michael Redgrave suggests it. Right: She much prefers exploring London with Rad Fulton



SIRIOL
HUGH-JONES
ON
BOOKS

The Rainbow Comes And Goes, by Lady Diana Cooper; **An Affair Of The Heart**, by Dilys Powell; four **Doctor** series, by Richard Gordon; **Science Survey 1961**. (Penguin Books.)

The Minister, by Maurice Edelman. (Hamish Hamilton, 16s.)

Somerset Maugham, by Richard Cordell. (Heinemann, 25s.)

Babbled Of Green Fields, by Denzil Batchelor. (Hutchinson, 25s.)

Wanted on voyage

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN BOOKS SHOULD BE LIGHT ENOUGH to pack without running you into overweight, so I make no apology for starting with Penguins. The new ones that appealed to me specially were **The Rainbow Comes And Goes**, the enchanting and wildly idiosyncratic first volume of Lady Diana Cooper's three-part autobiography ("My mother thought Chaliapin looked exactly like me": it couldn't be anyone else); Dilys Powell's touching and involving account of a return journey to Greece—**An Affair Of The Heart**; and four of Richard Gordon's **Doctors**, a series about which I suspect it is now fashionable to be sniffy, but which have afforded me a great deal of innocent pleasure. I also dote on Dr. Gordon anyway for having recently reminded us—perhaps a touch sternly—that both he and Mr. Somerset Maugham are still fully entitled to deliver as many babies as they see fit.

I am made acutely conscious of my deficiencies as a fully paid up member of contemporary society by the briefest possible acquaintance with the **Penguin Science Survey 1961**, which includes an alarming drawing captioned "Dymantic response of Octopus," some lively articles on the Cockroach, Myxomatosis and the Structure of the Protein Molecule, and a piece on an enchanting Thinking Machine called Menace, or Matchbox Educable Noughts and Crosses Engine ("The point is to construct a machine which starts with no prior information about how to play, apart from the rules, but which will become an effective player through practice.") If anyone is at the moment running a thinking machine that is a dab hand at reviewing, I hope to heaven they let us terrible competitors know first thing.

Each new novel by Maurice Edelman—this one is called **The Minister**—renews one's acquaintance with a now familiar climate of unease and distrust, in which venal and disabused characters strive, not too hard, to level the balance between ambition, greed, jealousy, envy and conscience, and only rarely succeed. By now there are familiar signposts to mark the hastening of personal doom—from time to time the hero will observe a bead of sweat on the upper lip of his wife or mistress, a piece of hair falling over one ear, the hairy-fingered hand of a rival covering hers at an unfortunate moment. Such things will depress him enormously, and the fabric of his life will begin to split at the seams. (In *The Minister*, the sharpest of these moments of painful scrutiny in fact concerns an unloved political lady called Mabel Walpole; "Her light peroxidized moustache was glistening with a French dressing, and her broad but bony shoulders were covered with a stain of freckles.") This novel seems to me to mark no change in the mixture as before—a rapid, almost thriller-type story of political manoeuvring motivated and blocked by personal weaknesses. By now I have a lingering affection for the Edelman hero, a distinguished figure who frets, from book to book, about his increasing weight and would be ridden by demons of guilt and doubt were it not that he is often simply worn out by the strain of keeping watch over the irons in the fire. From time to time Mr. Edelman hints that he is going to tell us more about his characters and pluck out the heart of their disquieting mystery, but seems to change his mind at the last minute.

Briefly: Richard Cordell's **Somerset Maugham** did not seem to me to reveal very much about the disenchanted sage of the Villa Mauresque or his writing, though I was delighted to learn that Maugham is descended from Edward I and Eleanor of Castile, and more than happy to find an acid quotation I had never read before which bears the genuine Maugham sound of dry lizard-jaws snapping shut: "From the

dog's point of view I would ten times sooner be English, but from the woman's—I have my doubts." . . . **Babbled Of Green Fields** is by Denzil Batchelor (whose ancestor was the delightful Sir Edmund Waller) and is a cheerful, optimistic, unpretentious and likeable autobiography that takes in a good deal of sport and journalism.

GERALD
LASCELLES
ON
RECORDS

The Fox, by Harold Land.

At The Black Hawk, Vols. 3 & 4, by Shelly Manne.

Gettin' Together, by Art Pepper.

Bracing wind in the West

FOR THE PAST DECADE THERE HAS BEEN A SHARP DIVISION OF FEELING between the musicians who live and work on the West coast of the United States and their counterparts on the East coast. The rift is mainly one of academic proportions, arising from the totally different approaches to modern jazz which the two factions have adopted. As the two sources of thought are some 4,000 miles apart, the issues have never been as acute as this statement may portray them. To quote John Tynan's sleeve, the West coast suffered from "over-intellectualized stylizations and effete conceptions." I agree, and have had little brief for this music over the years. Now a splinter group has raised its prong in their midst, headed by tenor player Harold Land. The group aspires to no name, but their album, **The Fox** (LAE12269) manifests their intentions. It also introduces a new name to jazz fans, Dupree Bolton, whose trumpet can be heard weaving after Land's tenor in the title piece. Elmo Hope proves that he is as effective a writer as a player, by contributing four original pieces to the session, while Herbie Lewis, a young discovery among bass players, pounds his way happily through this challenging set. There are some faults of a minor nature, but the overall effect is one of musicians with a willingness to blow, and that is something I had given up hoping for from the western side of America.

A name prominently associated with the West coast movement is Shelly Manne, former drummer with Stan Kenton. His frequent appearances at the Black Hawk, San Francisco's best known jazz night club, led Contemporary Records to put on tape some of his group's performances. As a sequel to two volumes issued earlier this year, we now have volumes 3 and 4 (SCA5017-8), which unfortunately do little to dispel the feeling of monotonous boredom which I experienced from the earlier pair. All the soloists have their moments, but there is no collective feeling in this music. The converse applies where Art Pepper's **Gettin' Together** (SCA5019) is concerned. He has enlisted the support of Miles Davis's rhythm section to back his alto and tenor saxophone solos, which are played with an assurance and attack of commendable proportions. One of Art's greatest assets is his ability to discard that which is extraneous in any given melody. From the part he retains, often the most unlikely from the listener's point of view, he builds new themes of his own making. He has an amusing crack at Thelonious Monk in his original *Bijou the poodle*, and then produces a respectful bow to the composer in *Rhythm-a-ning*. This track allows Conte Candoli to exercise his trumpet to better avail than usual, and the Kelly/Chambers duets throughout the session are worthy of anyone's attention.

If, as I trust, there is to be a "rapprochement" between East and West, I can think of no musicians more suited to head it than those whose records I have mentioned. The barrier is not so insurmountable, and the issues at stake are not so vast that its achievement is remote. The scope of modern jazz, as it is currently played in the States, would be broadened and strengthened if the two factions can be brought together.



IDA KÄR



The Artist in his Studio. Institute of Contemporary Arts

Artist, get out the light!

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, WHO TOOK THE EXCELLENT BLACK & WHITE and colour photographs in this exhibition, and also wrote the revealing texts that accompany them, is described in an introduction to the show as a "Vasari with a camera." He is also applauded for his success in "creating an image of the artist," an image built up of photographic impressions of his looks, his clothes, his choice of studio furniture, his choice of pin-ups, his reaction to being photographed. It is apparently taken for granted that "an image of the artist" in one's mind when

St. Ives painter/sculptor William Redgrave who runs the St. Peter's Loft School of Art there has taken a London studio where he is at work on a number of religious paintings for the new Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary at Hayes. Redgrave's terracotta portrait of Francis Bacon has been bought by the Grosvenor Gallery who have made castings in bronze

approaching a work of art is a good thing. But it seems to me that I am able to give a sounder judgment of an artist's work if I do not know anything about him, and that popular judgments today are hopelessly prejudiced as a result of popular knowledge acquired from contemporary Vasaris. Who can possibly look at the work of Van Gogh, Gauguin or Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance, uninfluenced by a romanticized view of their strange lives? True these three have been given the full Hollywood treatment, and so are extreme cases, but the tendency to romanticize about artists is not peculiar to Hollywood, it is universal. Vasari did it, Alexander Liberman does it.

His romanticism is far removed from the *vie de Bohème* sort. He gives us an overall picture of prosperous, successful "top people" at ease or in contemplation in comfortable homes and colourful studios. And it is a picture to which, with a few notable exceptions, his subjects submit

willingly—probably as a defence against the intrusion of the camera. Picasso, of course, is a photographer's delight, but his penetrating stare into the lens defies its probing. Although we see him in his studio surrounded by an enormous clutter of his own creations—paintings, pottery, sculpture, paper cut-outs, dolls that look like his children—perhaps the most revealing things are a reproduction of the Douanier Rousseau's self-portrait and a big photograph of himself. Matisse who, we are told, did not like to be photographed smiling, sits mandarin-like, arranging cut-out pieces of coloured paper. Around him are the designs for the stained-glass and murals for his chapel at Venice and many of the everyday things that are familiar to us through his paintings.

Braque poses pensively in one of his studios—studios, according to Mr. Liberman, that “are like the throne rooms of Renaissance princes.” Reproductions of a Renoir nude, Corot's “Woman with a mandolin,” Van Gogh's “Sunflowers” and a series of Redouté flower prints share the walls with Polynesian warriors' shields. Chagall plays his part of the poet-clown in jazzy blue and red check shirt and bright blue trousers, while Rouault, in white coat and white skull cap, his brushes spotlessly clean in a polished metal canister, goes about his work like a surgeon. Léger, in cloth cap, and Derain, both play up their rôles of peasants in Sunday best. Vlaminck, standing at a half-door, wearing a red cravat, yellow shirt, loud sports jacket and jaunty felt hat, looks more like a slick and successful racehorse trainer than a slick and successful painter.

Alone among the score of artists of the *Ecole de Paris* whom Liberman photographed, Utrillo apparently made no effort whatever to “put on a show” for the camera. Deaf to the romantic approach and to the blandishments of his wife Lucie, whom we see hanging round his neck, he faces the camera with a look of terrifying hopelessness. This is a moment of truth, the moment of truth. There are other, lesser ones, among these photographs—the dying Dufy at his easel, working to the left on a “gay” picture, for instance—but they, I feel, are accidents in which both photographer and subject are caught momentarily with their romantic pants down.

Like everyone else I am a romantic where artists are concerned and I enjoyed this exhibition immensely. Worse, I know that Mr. Liberman's “images” of such artists as Kupka, Giacometti, Richier and Buffet are going to come between me and my entirely personal evaluation of their work.

DINING IN

The cakes have had it too long

Helen Burke

“LAND OF CAKES” DOES SMALL JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND, NOTABLE AS ARE Scotch scones, oatcakes, shortbread and “tea breads” in general. For that country produces the best beef, lamb and mutton; the finest salmon and salmon trout; the best grouse and (not so well recognized) the best vegetables. These arrive a little later than those grown south of the Border but are, I think, better flavoured. When it comes to fruit, I cannot think of any better berries than the wild raspberries I have often picked.

I suppose that, when we think of Scottish dishes, the specialties which come first to mind are oatmeal porridge, broth, finnan haddies, Arbroath smokies, minced collops, mutton pies and haggis. Alternative soups are cock-a-leekie and hotch-potch (Fr. *Hochepot?*). The long affinity between Scotland and France, that dates back to the days before Mary Queen of Scots, no doubt accounts for the similarity in the names of dishes and foods in both countries. Gooseberries in Scotland are grossets (Fr. *groseilles*); chives are syboes (Fr. *ciboules*); a leg of mutton is a gigot in both countries (but the Scots pronounce the “t”); petticoat tails are a corruption of *petits gateaux* and I would say that haggis is

from *hachis*. Even a large plate in Scotland is an ashet (*assiette*). And so one could go on and on. Surely no other folk ever make so much of lamb and mutton as the Scots do. In addition to Scotch broth (which can also be made with beef), there are sheep's head broth, mutton pies and, above all, haggis. This is a complicated dish. The best “recipe” is to buy it as made in the old manner or in a can, as produced by Baxter's of Speyside. This firm sends haggises in cans to every corner of the world so that exiled Scots can have it on Burns Night and other national occasions. Oatcakes, too, go all over the world in airtight containers. They travel well. Mutton pies, probably the best of their kind, are still made by the baker. They are the famous “twopenny pies” of many years ago. For all I know they may cost a shilling each today, but, if of the old quality, they would be well worth the price.

Ways with broth . . .

Scotch broth is the national soup. (I cannot think of any special English one so universally known.) I once wrote in these notes, giving lamb or mutton as the meat to be used, and drew the wrath of a reader of *THE TATLER* on my unwitting head because, she said, beef was the meat for this soup. Well, there are many soups made with beef stock and Scotch Broth is the best to make with lamb or mutton. I shall give you both. The meat can be eaten in the broth or by itself. If separately, buy 2 lb. of the middle neck of lamb, which contains the least fat, or a piece of lean beef such as silverside. Cover it with 2 quarts of cold water and bring it to the boil. Add a teaspoon of salt. When the scum rises skim it off. Add 3 tablespoons of well-washed barley to the soup, cover and simmer for nearly an hour. Add a finely chopped onion, 1 to 2 diced small turnips, 2 to 3 diced carrots, 3 to 4 well-washed leeks cut into rounds, and a good teaspoon of brown sugar. Taste and season. Originally, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dried peas, soaked overnight, were added to the broth. These days, however, fresh peas or quick-frozen peas go into it $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before it is ready to be served. Better still for its food value is a small can of processed peas. The broth will require about 2½ hours in all. Remove the meat and keep it hot to be served with a little of the soup as “sauce” or onion or caper sauce. Turn the broth into a heated tureen and sprinkle it with freshly chopped parsley. This is much better than cooking the parsley in the broth. The fresh flavour is retained.

. . . and with grouse

When grouse were plentiful country folk would draw young birds and into the body of each pop about an ounce of butter rolled in salt and pepper, and a squeeze of lemon juice. You can do this and for each bird cream another ounce of butter with salt and pepper and spread it on the breasts. Place the grouse on a V rack, breast downwards, and roast it at a high temperature (400 to 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6 to 7) for up to 20 minutes, basting it three times during this period. Half-way through the cooking, add the liver to the pan. Remove the liver and mash it. Cut the grouse through with a pair of poultry shears. Spread the liver and some of the residue from the pan on toast, place each half grouse on top and serve. If you want to be more elaborate, serve it with bread sauce, game chips, toasted breadcrumbs and gravy made from the giblet stock and the residue in the baking pan.

It would be a pity not to refer to the Scottish housewife's standby, MINCED COLLOPS. There are several versions. The following comes from the Scottish family with which I have had most to do and whose women are excellent cooks. Get a stout pan really hot. (They always use an iron one.) Mince beef with as little fat as possible on it through the coarse cutter of your machine. Place it in the pan and, as it seizes on the bottom of the pan, chop down on it with a wooden spoon to prevent it forming into knots. There should be just enough fat to prevent the meat sticking to the pan, but only just enough. When the meat is nicely browned, cool a little and then well cover it with hot water. Season it with salt and pepper to taste and add a good handful of medium oatmeal. Stir together, cover and simmer gently for 40 minutes. You should then have a nice minced meat stew with enough good slightly thickened gravy. Serve it in a heated deepish platter and garnish it with smallish triangles of toast. Serve plainly boiled potatoes, too.

GOOD LOOKS

BY

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

SOAP
AND

WATER

Soap and water is a controversial combination—some people won't let it near their faces, others never use anything else. Well, there's no doubt that for an ultra-dry skin, soap is too drying, though there are some super fatted ones like Bronnley's pre-make-up soap which contains lanolin and malt, and has a bland, uncommitted scent for sensitive skins. But the fresh, tingling feel of soap and water is hard to beat—so are the soaps in the picture, all of them deliciously scented, expertly milled. Like **Roger & Gallet's** disc with craft-made good looks and a charming old-fashioned label. In their sharpish Jean Marie Farina Cologne, misty Tea Rose and beguiling Muguet. **Charles of the Ritz** made the octagonal disc with swans floating on it and the elegant scent of Directoire soaking through. **Guerlain's** New Mown Hay captures the pervasive scent of a country summer; wrapped in silver foil and wrapped again in their famous Sapogeti pen and ink patterned paper (their Fleurs des Alpes brings spring flowers). **Worth's** Je Reviens makes addicts of its users—understandably, with the haunting Je Reviens scent sunk deep into it. **Lenthéric's** Royal Rose soap is packed in six small, fat discs in a cylinder. The sharp scent of Royal Rose is perfectly translated into a rectangular shape, too. **Balmain's** Vent Vert is a reminder of early spring. The wrapping suits the scent—a bright emerald overcoat of glossy paper. **Jean Patou's** disc is just visible—the scent is like a bunch of all the flowers you ever picked lingering on in their famous Joy. **Mary Chess** make the subtle Strategy soap which can be bought from their myriad-scented shop in Shepherd Market. Soap in a thickish cream version is made by Patou. Packed in a smart tube, Crème de Savon de toilette is scented with Amour-Amour and ideal for living in a suitcase. Lancôme's Fraîcheur is a non-drying cream that lathers on with water and leaves the skin refreshed. Dragging the skin with a coarse flannel doesn't help pores to keep tight shut—so massage it in with a rotating movement of the fingertips. After the final rinsing with cold water, leave the moisture to evaporate. Soap improves with every moment it spends in the cupboard. The harder it gets, the longer it lasts.



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MAN'S WORLD

Orders in Council

David Morton

WRITING ABOUT THE MEN'S FASHION COUNCIL IS RATHER LIKE GETTING involved with the *Clefs d'Or*, that international association of head porters in hotels. One gets passed from hand to hand, not across Europe, but across the West End. Earlier this year I wrote about the President of the Council, Mr. Whitley of Benson, Perry & Whitley. It was the first of what is to be an occasional series of articles on the Savile Row tailors. Not all of them come from Savile Row of course any more than all doctors live in Harley Street. The Council comprises a small group of men who have got together to maintain the impeccable standards of their craft—people like Pope & Bradley for example, who operate from 35 Dover Street—and form what might be called the western vanguard of London's tailors.

Mr. Patrick Bradley was not at pains to press information on me for his own ends. He is a charming man and more concerned with getting people to have clothes made, than getting them made specifically at Pope & Bradley. It is surprising to look around in London and see how many men will spend large sums on cars, entertaining and rent, with little attention paid to their clothes. We discussed this point at some length; I think some people may be a little diffident about going to a West End tailor for the first time. There is a sort of barrier to be crossed—perhaps a fear that the customer will be wrong, and a pair of eyes led by the head cutter will make a suit that is not what the customer wanted. Secondary reason is the fear that this sort of tailoring is beyond the reach of all but millionaires.

Mr. Bradley's comment that: "The tailor and customer between them should be able to evolve the perfect suit" is calculated to reassure. Advice may be freely given, but in the end the customer gets exactly what he wants. Any failure in this can only be due to the customer's failure to make his needs clear. Secondly, £52, the cost of a three-piece suit from Pope & Bradley, represents a narrow margin of profit today. Overheads are high, especially rent and wages. Training is expensive—a apprentice only becomes useful after three years of rigorous training, and cloth costs money, too. The assurance that comes from a good suit seems to me one of the best bargains at £52 to be had in London. Finally, any new customer need have no fear of going to Pope & Bradley, or any other West End tailor. Mr. Bradley is extremely helpful and friendly—he had a bar when the shop was at Bond Street, and is still equally hospitable—and his head cutter, Mr. Edfield, is equally kind.

"Fashion evolves itself," says Mr. Edfield. It can be helped to do this by the customer's demands; Pope & Bradley fitted the first zip fly to trousers in 1932, and now all but a small minority have them fitted. This may not be a good example of a trend in fashion—a better example was the longer side slits in Mr. Bradley's jacket. They reach almost up to the waistline and give much easier access to the pockets. Pope & Bradley have a large American clientele, but while Mr. Edfield cuts the clothes they want, he feels they have had little influence on British tailoring, though they may have led a trend towards a narrower lapel. British customers are still fairly conservative. One leading jockey wanted an exact copy of a pre-war suit, wide trousers and all, but came back later to have them taken in—not the easiest thing to do. As to cloths; the demand is still for grey. Blue is not too popular, surprisingly, in Mr. Bradley's opinion—he had expected a swing towards it. Lightweight cloths have to keep their shape, and Patrick Bradley is keen on Tonik, a mohair and wool mixture by Dormeuil. He made up the first suit in this fabric.

Pope & Bradley's customers are as varied as any in the West End. I can understand why so many of them are Americans. Though there is

an agent for alterations in New York, he is not kept busy—after one visit for careful measuring and assessing the personality of an American customer, Pope & Bradley feel they can go ahead with confidence that no alterations will be needed. But if the customer is British, some fitting sessions are advisable, even if it's not the first suit. In any case they are interesting, pleasant meetings. Mr. Bradley likes six weeks to make a suit but never seems to get it. Americans, by the way, are getting a bargain—a comparable suit in New York would cost £140. A lot of bachelors go to Pope & Bradley, perhaps because they have fewer financial commitments, perhaps because, as for other members of the Men's Fashion Council, their banker's orders are accepted. Two customers between them ordered 96 suits in two years; but this is unusual—Mr. Bradley feels that seven suits is a reasonable number to own, as it allows the wearer to cover any occasion and still rotate the order of wearing them. This allows the wool to relax. "Wool matures, like wine," Mr. Bradley told me. I suppose the youngest customer must be Mr. Bradley's four-year-old son. The patterns for his trousers were cut downstairs at 35 Dover Street.



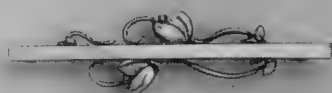
Mr. Frederick Edfield (right), chief cutter at Pope & Bradley. Left: The characteristic pose of the tailor, Mr. Dennis Bailey cross-legged on a work bench. Above left: Mr. Patrick Bradley

PHOTOGRAPHS: ROGER HILL

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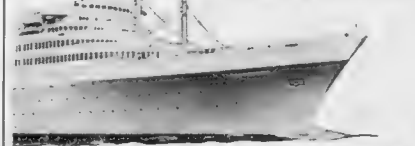
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MOTORING

What the schools don't teach

Gordon Wilkins

MY WIFE HAS JUST PASSED HER DRIVING TEST. THOSE WHO HAVE LIVED through this can appreciate the relaxation of emotional tension in the household. It was not easy. I tried to teach her, of course, but after I had torn the handbrake out by the roots in a screaming panic as she reversed flat out towards a strong stone wall, I realized that neither cars nor marriages can survive that sort of thing.

So off she went to a driving school. It was one of those schools where the instructors seemed to change even more frequently than the pupils and some of them had a highly individual approach to road traffic problems. One man announced that he had never in his life driven at more than 35 m.p.h. and saw no reason why anyone else should do so. Another taught that pedestrians and cyclists have unrestricted priority at all times. Cars must stop anywhere and everywhere to give them free passage and the driver must never sound his horn. Which seems a perfect way of bringing our crawling traffic to a complete standstill. He also insisted on at least six feet of clearance for pedestrians, cyclists and other vehicles. Though this may be a useful precaution while a beginner is in the first stages of steering uncertainty, a few weeks of it is calculated to breed another confirmed middle of the road crawler. None of these gentlemen got the pupil to the stage where it was worth while even to attempt the driving test.

We seemed to be getting nowhere until one day we were talking to Miss Denise McCann, one of Britain's most capable businesswomen, who has made an immense success of running Britain's largest chain of driving schools, The British School of Motoring. The idea that anyone could fail to absorb sufficient instruction to take the test presented a challenge which she took up immediately, so the B.S.M. moved into action and in a short time trained instructors with a coherent curriculum were showing results. However, success did not come first time. An examiner who, it seems, has acquired a reputation for severity with women candidates, found fault with the gear-changing technique on corners. This naturally produced tearful allegations of anti-feminine bias, but the only two cases which have come under my notice entirely confirmed his judgment. The faults were quickly rectified and the candidate sailed into the second test with sufficient assurance to make a joke about stalling her engine and passed on to acquire the coveted slip.

It illustrated the difference between good schools and poor ones and reinforced my view that before there is any question of making the course at a driving school compulsory for test candidates, we need examination and control of the schools and their instructors. Now came the moment I had secretly been dreading. "I've got my licence, so I can take the car out." This was where I conducted my own examination and I soon discovered that pupils can pass the driving test without having any idea of how to reverse a car out of a garage or of how to park alongside the kerb between two other vehicles. They may have no idea of how to use the lights because they are not tested on night driving; they are seldom asked to drive outside built-up areas and double-declutching is double Dutch to them. So, if they are driving British cars on which most manufacturers neglect to provide a synchromesh first gear, they will either have to come to a stop or make a fearful crunching noise the first time they have to drop into first gear on a hill. They may also be able to repeat from the highway code that it takes 75 feet to stop from 30 m.p.h. without having any idea how far 75 ft. is.

These facts in themselves are not a criticism of the driving schools. Their primary job is to train pupils to pass the test. This is the achievement on which they are judged, and anything not included in the test is a waste of their time and likely to confuse the pupil. Once the test is over they are perfectly willing to give further instruction on the finer points of driving, but there must quite a proportion of pupils who never even recognize the need for it.

Most of our troubles arise from the fact that our rulers have so neglected the road system that driving a car in England demands far more skill and knowledge than it should, and I would certainly not support any proposals for two-stage driving licences with distinctive badges for first-stage drivers and all the paraphernalia of more advanced tests. Money would be better spent on building safer roads. But surely without much disruption we could revise the present test to include a check on ability to reverse neatly into a parking space and to engage first gear while on the move. Candidates should also know the rudiments of skid control even if there is no opportunity for a practical demonstration. If the requirements exist, the driving schools will meet them.

Then there is the complex question of road law and the driver's obligations. In this respect the Swiss driving test is much stiffer than our own. Someone has calculated that there are now over 2,000 offences that a British driver can commit. In the absence of any instruction on what they are, the wretched beginner often has to learn them by trial and conviction. Parliament goes on multiplying the road laws *ad lib.* without making any attempt to see that the rules are made available to drivers in a form they can understand. Before we can make much headway in this direction we need a proper highway code; not the present rag bag of exhortations and partial information that leaves the new driver woefully ill-equipped for the tedious, dangerous and nerve-racking job of driving on British roads.



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Fummi—Wall: Francesca Giovanna Maria, daughter of Signor Giovanni Fummi, of Rome, and Lady Anne Fummi, of Dorset House, London, N.W.1, was married to Christopher Robin St. Quintin, son of Captain & Mrs. R. B. St. Q. Wall, of Burpham House, Arundel, Sussex, at St. James's, Spanish Place

De Chair—Lockett: Anita Luleen, daughter of Commander H. G. D. De Chair, late of Teuchar, Turriff, Aberdeenshire, and Mrs. Lachlan Gordon-Duff, of Cornhill, Banffshire, was married to Jeffery Bannerman, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Derek Lockett, of Swettenham, Cheshire, at the Chapel of the Savoy

WEDDINGS

Anderson—Campbell: Rohais, daughter of Mr. Alasdair & Lady Flavia Anderson, of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, was married to Ilay Mark, son of Sir George Campbell, Bt., of Inveraray, & Mrs. Clematis Sitwell, of Lennel, Coldstream, Berwickshire, at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh



FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Mr. D. A. G. Smith and
Miss J. D. Clark**

The engagement is announced between David, elder son of the late Dan. S. Smith and Mrs. E. M. Smith, Tillywhally, Milnathort, Kinross-shire, and Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Clark, Gospetry, Milnathort.

**Major T. J. West and
Miss T. de Courcy**

The engagement is announced between Thomas John West, M.B.E., M.C., the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Theodora, daughter of the late J. E. B. de Courcy and of Mrs. de Courcy, The Shrubbery, Reigate.

**Mr. H. C. Baker and
Miss H. Davidson**

The engagement is announced, and the marriage will take place on September 22 at noon at St. Mary's Church, Wimbledon, between Herbert Charles Baker, of Rosemead, Hyde Heath, Buckinghamshire, and 26 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2, son of the late Herbert and Janet Baker, and Helen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Davidson, of 7 Belvedere Drive, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

**Mr. N. H. W. Lee and
Miss S. E. Clayton**

The engagement is announced between Nigel, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilton Lee, of Lindrick, Worksop, and Sarah Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Clayton, of Elm, near Wincoburn.

**Mr. J. S. Green and
Miss G. M. Gardner**

The engagement is announced between John Seager, son of Captain W. S. Green, R.N., and Mrs. Green, of The Pond House, Crondall, Hampshire, and Gillian Margaret, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander D. W. H. Gardner, R.N., and Mrs. R. H. R. Dakeyne, of 13, Hoylake Road, Drayton, Hampshire.

**Mr. D. Nicholson and
Miss D. C. Pugh**

The engagement is announced between David, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. D. Nicholson, Sandford Dene, Prestbury, Cheltenham, Glos., and Dinah Caroline, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Pugh, Temple Guiting House, Temple Guiting, Cheltenham, Glos.

**Mr. A. S. Jolliffe and
Miss A. E. Phillips**

The engagement is announced between Anthony, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Jolliffe, of Wolsey Road, Moor Park, and Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Phillips, of Bedford Road, Moor Park, Northwood.

**Mr. B. Q. F. Buchanan and
Miss H. V. Wood**

The engagement is announced between Bruce Quentin Fownes, son of Col. and Mrs. C. R. Buchanan, of Hawthorn Cottage, Haslemere, Surrey, and Helen Vaughan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Wood, of Upper Birtley, Brook, near Godalming, Surrey.

**Mr. R. P. Whipp and
Miss W. M. Cordingley**

The engagement is announced between Roger Proctor, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Whipp, of Bexhill, Sussex, and Winifred Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Cordingley, of Mellis, near Diss, Norfolk.

**Mr. P.-J. A. Robson and
Miss C. M. Hawkey**

The engagement is announced between Peter-John Alexander, son of Dr. and Mrs. John A. Robson, of Ingleton, Greenhill, Weymouth, and Christine Mary, elder daughter of the late Capt. Neville L. Hawkey, and of Mrs. H. L. R. Hutchings, of Sunningdale, Maiden Castle Road, Dorchester.

**Mr. J. E. Davies and
Miss C. Harms-Cooke**

The engagement is announced between John Edmund, son of Mrs. G. B. Davies, of Broom Court, Broom, near Alcester, and the late Mr. E. G. Davies, and Carol, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. Harms-Cooke, of The Wold Furlong, Chipping Campden.

**Mr. J. G. Hull and
Miss G. A. Stemp**

The engagement is announced between John Grove, son of the late Mr. T. E. O. Hull, and of Mrs. Hull, of 50, Southway, London, N.W.11, and Gillian Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Stemp, of Eastnor Lodge, Wray Park Road, Reigate, Surrey.

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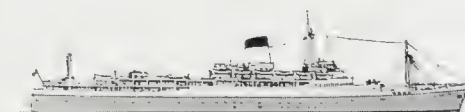
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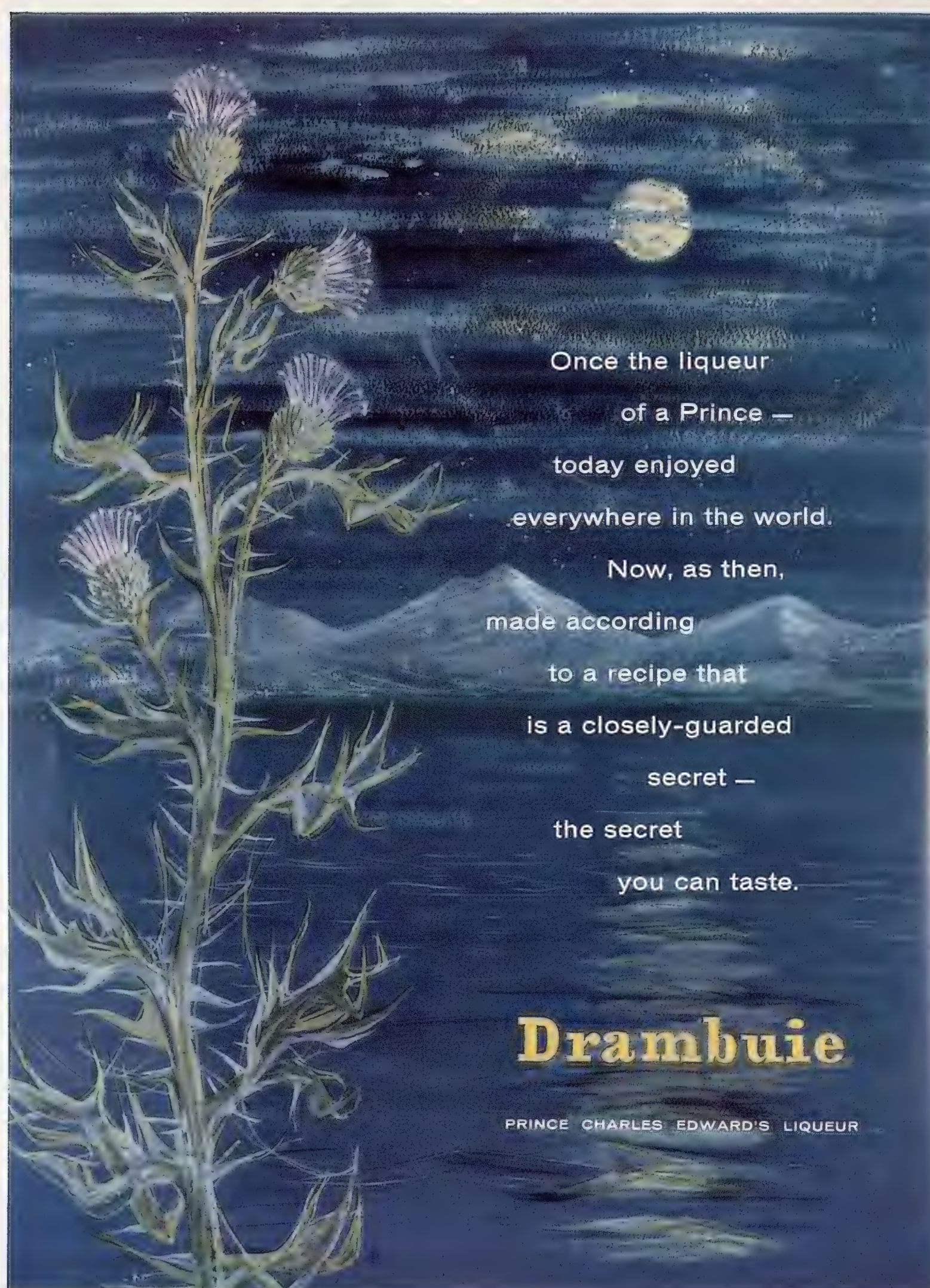


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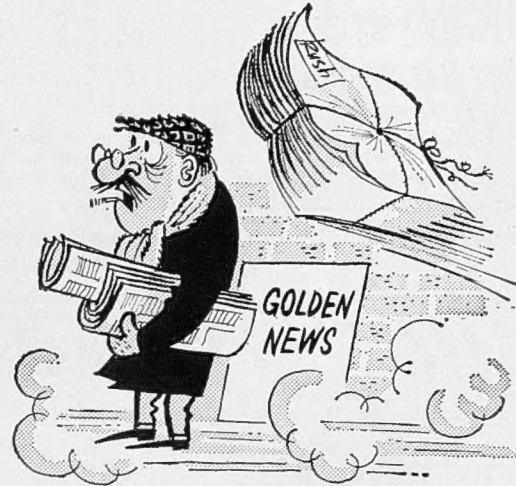
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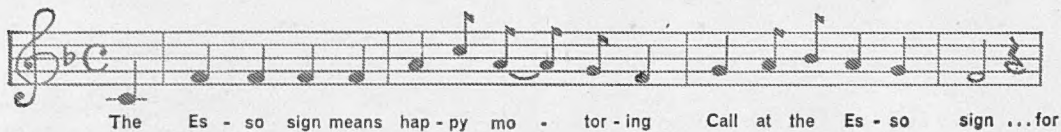


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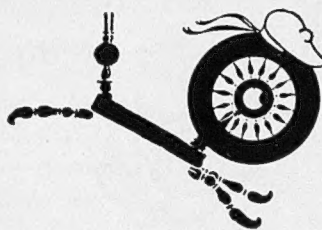
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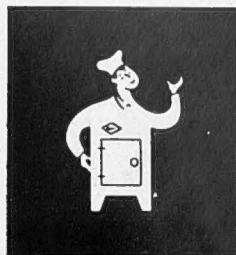
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